

# MERRY ENGLAND

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ONE SHILLING

[MONTHLY.]

AUGUST, 1885.

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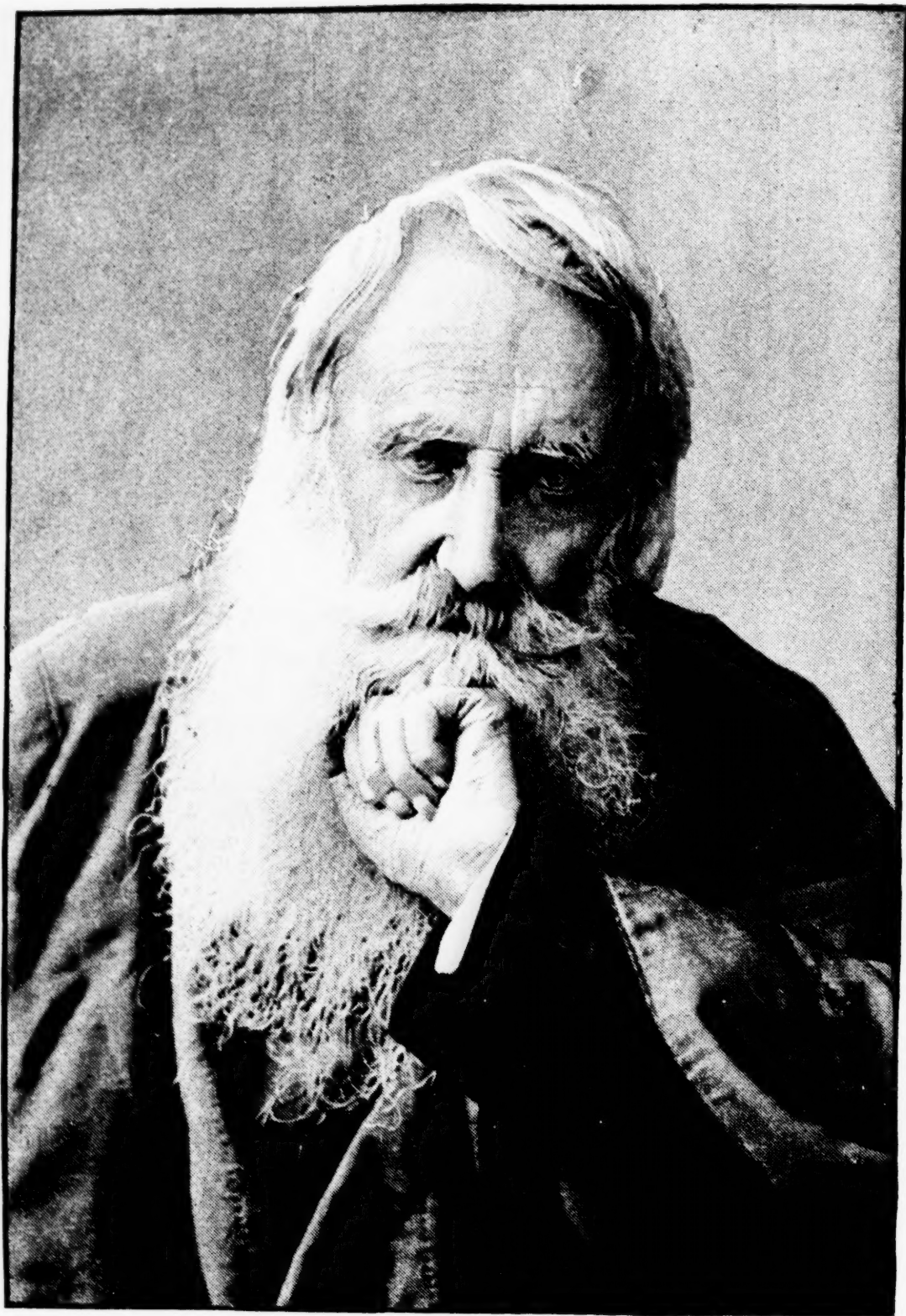
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# MERRY ENGLAND

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AUGUST, 1885.

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## A Poet in the Colonial Office.

IT is a nice question for the student of literary biography whether the poet should be the slave or the master of his muse ; whether he should give himself over to composition as a passion, or as a diversion—in part a task and in part a recreation. The interest of the public and of the poet may come into conflict in the matter ; but if the critic should decide that the poetic temperament, to have its full play, must be left as little trammelled as it was by Keats, or Byron, or Shelley, he will perceive that at least the poet thus becomes something of a victim. A man's poetry, when it is great poetry, is himself ; and it is not good for man to feed upon himself alone. There is some of the loveliest lyrical poetry the possession of which we may well grudge ourselves. When we think of the poet's pangs, we think also that our ecstasy was too dearly bought.

The safer path has been more largely followed from the days of Milton till our own. The author of "Lycidas" dismissed the muse, and for thirty years became a Secretary of State and a busy politician, solacing his declining years by a return to composition. Lamartine took Milton in this respect as a model. He thought that poetry was an occupation for youth and for old age ; "but that middle age should be given, as Milton, Petrarch, Dante gave it, to the business of the

country and to patriotism." Walter Scott was not the sort of poet to be troubled with a disinclination for "affairs." In his early life, as Lockhart tells us, "the necessity of devoting certain hours of every day to a routine of drudgery must have tended to quicken his appetite for 'the sweet bread eaten in secret.'" In later life the Wizard of the North, as quartermaster of the Edinburgh Volunteer Cavalry, as Sheriff of Selkirkshire, as Clerk of Session, and as partner in a speculative publishing firm, was compelled to devote several hours of every day to the drudgery of dry commercial details. "It was always," says his son-in-law, "his favourite tenet, in contradiction to what he called the cant of sonneteers, that there is no necessary connection between genius and an aversion or contempt for any of the common duties of life; he thought, on the contrary, that to spend some fair portion of every day in any matter-of-fact occupation is good for the higher faculties themselves in the upshot. In a word, from beginning to end, he piqued himself on being a man of business."

The poet-parson presents perhaps the happiest combination of the bard and the man who lives, not by his lyre, but by a profession. Crabbe tells us that he did not regret adding to "the idle trade" of poet another "calling"—that of clergyman. Herrick, too, was at once parson and poet; and so, more appropriately, was George Herbert, whose mantle, somewhat the worse for the lapse of time, during which the heart had been written out of English words, fell in our own day upon Faber, upon Newman, upon Keble. Mr. Matthew Arnold might be a better Inspector of Schools if he were not so good a poet; but is he a worse poet because he is a School Inspector? Mr. Austin Dobson takes his gay and gentle Muse to the Board of Trade for half-a-dozen hours a day. William Morris is paper-stainer in the real as well as in the slangy sense of the expression; and was not Mr. Lewis Morris a Reform Club Secretary? The two friends, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and Lord



Lytton, produce poetry—and one of them very fine poetry—in the pauses of such vast emprises as the governing of India and the heroic attempt to save Egypt. And there still remains one pre-eminent contemporary name to illustrate the union of the life poetic with the life practical—one who has himself, in the large range of his thoughts, expressed himself on the question we are discussing. In his essay on “The Life Poetic” he says: “A man of judgment and ability will find, as he advances in life, that the calls of friendship and relationship will multiply upon him more than upon men of inferior capacity, if only he be found willing to discharge them; and if he shall attain to eminence as a poet, that, like every other species of eminence, will bring with it no inconsiderable demands upon his activity. To these may be added—if it should fall in his way—casual and temporary employment in the public service, taking care, however, not to let that service fix itself upon him and suck the blood out of his poetic brains. Milton had employments of this nature; and before he should hold himself equipped for his great enterprise in poetry, he deemed it indispensable that to ‘industrious and select reading’ should be added ‘steady observation’ and ‘insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs.’ Dante, Spenser, and Cowley had such employments also; and many others might be named, were they worthy to be named after these.” And Sir Henry Taylor’s own name will occur to every one as being worthy to be mentioned in such a connexion.

Born with the century, the son of a literary Durham squire, Sir Henry Taylor was educated at home until, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, he came to London to hold a Government clerkship, which subsequently took him to Bardadoes for a few months. With the end of that employment his serious views of authorship began. Two or three years were spent at home in the completion of his education; and, through his relative, friend, and guide, Miss Fenwick, he made the acquaintance

of Southey. Gifford accepted his maiden article for the *Quarterly*, and, taking heart at this success, the future author of "Philip Van Artevelde" came to London to win his spurs as a man of letters. It is curious to note that his second *Quarterly* article touched this very subject of a poet's capacities and duties outside his own art. It was a smart criticism of Lord John Russell; and recurring to it in 1876, he says: "Lord Russell tells me it has been very useful to him, by showing him that it was not to poetry but to politics that he was to devote himself." Moreover, Sir Henry himself, while still following literature, was helped, partly by this article, into a serious political career. Sir Henry Holland was one of the two or three literary men to whom he had brought introductions, and he one morning informed the young *littérateur* that "he had been in communication with the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, and that 'if my engagements would allow of it,' it was proposed that I should be appointed to a clerkship in that office, with a salary of £350 at once, which it was expected would shortly be increased to £600—the increase did in fact take place within twelve months—and which would ultimately rise to £900. It was abundantly plain to me that my engagements would allow of it."

That was early in 1824, and for forty-eight years the poet was a busy and valued public servant in the Colonial Office, his merits having been acknowledged by a knighthood, which would have been exchanged for a life peerage, had Lord Palmerston's proposals for the institution of the new order been accepted by the House of Lords. The nature of his work may be learned from a letter he wrote to Lord Howick, after nine years' service:—"I have been employed, not in the business of a clerk but of a statesman. So far as the West Indian colonies have been concerned, I have at all times done more for the Secretary and Under-Secretary of State for the time being, of the peculiar and appropriate business, than they have

done for themselves. I have been accustomed to relieve them from the trouble of taking decisions, of giving directions, of reading despatches, and of writing them. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the consideration which has been given to a subject by the Secretary of State has consisted in reading the draft submitted to him, and his decision has consisted in adopting it; and the more important the question has been, the more have I found my judgment to be leant upon." For his friend Sir James Stephen he complains as loudly as for himself; and it was Lord Derby's relations with Sir James that gave rise to the only severe passages in the two portly and pleasant volumes of "Autobiography" which Sir Henry has lately given to the world. One passage in relation to a far greater man than Lord Derby we do indeed regret; but its presence is not due to anything less amiable on Sir Henry's part than that good nature, that absence of what he calls "fastidiousness," which is one of the charms of his sincere and humble mind, but which sometimes leads him to allow more merit to other people's *mots* than is their due. But the only deliberate censure is, as we say, that passed on the late Lord Derby. The chapters which Sir Henry devotes to the abolition of slavery, and to cognate questions down to the Jamaica riots of 1865, are essential to the student's knowledge of that movement. But it was with the holiday task of the busy official that the world will always associate him; for "Philip Van Artevelde," and its companion volumes in the uniform edition lately issued by Mr. Kegan Paul, were the labours of his leisure.

It is not our intention to speak here of the poet's work, but rather to give glimpses from the "Autobiography" of the poet's friendships with his contemporaries. First of all, we have a presentment of the happiest of interiors; and Sir Henry all his life long has yielded to society only such of his time and thought as did not interfere with the dearer associations of



domestic life. Society is all very well, he says, but not at the cost of the sacrifice of the least of the things more worth having. The story of his matrimonial wooing and winning is told with the frank dignity which has endeared Sir Henry as a man to many who hitherto knew him with a sort of awe only as an author. Not to many is it given to realize an ideal as Sir Henry has realized it in his own life and in its surroundings. In his union with the Hon. Alice Spring Rice, daughter of the first Lord Monteagle, and in all that resulted from it, he has, as we venture to think, had the rewards due to one whose chivalry to women finds delicate and decisive expression over and over again in his works, and has been summed up in the formula of faith—with an admitted amount of exaggeration—that any woman is preferable to any man. Yet among men the friendships of the poet have been tender, many, and memorable.

Sir Walter Scott and Wordsworth, Sydney Smith, Rogers, and Landor were among the acquaintances of the younger author; but Southey was the man of that generation whom he most largely loved. He writes thus of a visit to Sir Walter at Abbotsford in 1831:—"I was much and mournfully impressed with his manner and appearance. There was a homely dignity and a sad composure in them, which perhaps belonged to his state of health and to a consciousness that his end was not far off; and along with these there was the simplicity and singleness he must have had from nature. The animation and fertility of discourse with which also nature had gifted him were brought low. I witnessed only one little quickening of the spirit. There was to be a pic-nic party, and a question arose whether two elderly ladies in the neighbourhood should be invited. One of the family intimated an opinion that the two elderly ladies would not add to the liveliness of the party—in fact, that they would be 'a bore';—on which a light came into the sick man's eyes and a flush into his cheeks, and he exclaimed, 'I cannot call that good breeding.' He could not bear that

the good old ladies, his neighbours, should be considered unacceptable."

Among the literary friends for a longer time Sir Henry's own contemporaries were Carlyle and James Spedding—to the latter of whom he pays a tribute of almost unequalled strength and beauty ; and are still Lord Tennyson and Mr. Aubrey de Vere. The story of the friendship between the last-named poet and himself shall be told in Sir Henry's own words : "My wife had a first cousin, who was a brother in everything except the one remove in blood—Aubrey, a younger son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, whose wife was Lord Monteagle's sister. My wife had no other very intimate friend ; but that one was worth a thousand. Bearing in mind what I have said of others, I am afraid to speak of him as he deserves, lest I should be supposed by some unbeliever to have a way of considering all my own friends as food for the gods, and my wife's as the salt wherewith it is salted. . . . But as to Aubrey de Vere, his rank in poetry is now quite as much recognized as some of our now famous poets were in their own lifetime, and every year of these latter years has been extending the recognition in wider circles. In 1848, when his poems were but little read, Walter Savage Landor, then I think seventy-four years of age, gave him as cordial a salutation as ever old poet bestowed upon a young one. If Landor had known Aubrey de Vere personally, he might have testified to other and higher attributes than those of the intellect and imagination. And indeed as to mere matter of intellect, it ought not to be otherwise than easy of belief that the friends of an intellectual man are intellectual. For such persons fall naturally enough into groups, whether through kindred of blood and brain, or through mutual attraction and a common field. It was in both ways that the Spring Rices and the De Veres had been brought together in the preceding generation ; it was thus, too, that a daughter of the one and a son of the other, having each, however diverse in

kind and degree, an inheritance of intellectual gifts, were brought into relations of more than ordinary intimacy ; and after my marriage I was not long in finding how rich a dowry of friendship my wife had brought me in Aubrey de Vere."

In October 1851 Sir Henry writes, under the heading "Aubrey de Vere swerving towards the Church of Rome," that his friend is "making up the accounts of his studies and meditations ;" and he continues : "In the previous year (that of the Gorham controversy), while these meditations of Aubrey's had been going on, he and I had corresponded on the subject of them. In a letter written to some one else I spoke of his meditations as gyrations of the wounded bird, not of the bird that soars. I did not anticipate that he could find rest and satisfaction in the Church to which he seemed to be gravitating. In this I was mistaken ; he *has* found peace and happiness in that Church." Sir Henry seems regretfully to suppose that a profound allegiance to the Church is inconsistent with the full fervour of human affection. But, even so, he finds in Aubrey de Vere a wealth of affection such as might be split up into a number of fortunes ; just as he assures a lady who had criticized Mr. De Vere's character, that "if Aubrey's virtues were divided into two parts, each part would suffice to make a saint."

It was Southey, we think, who said that a man's character might be judged by the letters written to him, even better than by those he writes himself. If we apply this test to the present volumes, the result will be altogether favourable to Sir Henry Taylor ; as indeed will be all other tests whatever. The autobiography was written, we are told, for posthumous publication ; but we join with the rest of the reading public in expressing to Sir Henry our gratitude for a gift which comes to us with five-fold pleasure from living hands.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.



## Bloodshed.

**I**T has been the conviction of many minds, and notably of one thoughtful mind, which, passing away, has left among us the records of its convictions, that our own nation and all Christendom are suffering from a profound indifference on the subject of the moral character of war. Yet everything men still hold sacred, every authority they acknowledge as binding on the conscience and approved of by the reason, concur in requiring that war should not be entered upon without an evidently just cause, and that all the relations between States are as much subject to the authority of law as those between individuals. The Law of Nature, the Canon Law, the Law of Nations, the Catechism of Trent, and Common Law of England, are all at one on this point.

I suppose, indeed, that no one could deliberately maintain the contrary. Yet we have to deal with a state of things in which every day that truth is absolutely ignored and flagrantly violated. It is as if, while the Ten Commandments continued to be taught in every school, and the children learnt and repeated by rote, "Thou shalt not kill," yet society were to return to the practice of private war, such as prevailed at one time in Europe, and was at length put down mainly by the teaching and influence of the Church. War has become separated from morality, and men do not think of it as requiring a judicial sanction because it involves the shedding of human blood. A great gulf separates theory and practice on this point, which probably comes from the confusion which has crept in by degrees into the management of public affairs. Thus an act so solemn as the inception of hostilities between nations is mixed up with the minor details which form the routine of Ministerial



duties. We have become accustomed to having our internal concerns administered alternately by two parties, and no one expects impartiality from an organized Opposition, whose avowed object is to turn out the actual holders of office. It has been the task of the late Mr. Monteith, in his "Discourse on the Shedding of Blood and the Laws of War," intended originally to be delivered as a lecture, and now posthumously published, to endeavour to separate war, and all that has relation to it, from this system, and to put it on a different footing; to require that it should not be made on a mere Ministerial order, and thus to reserve it from the disturbing effects of changes of Government and the petty exigencies of party strife. It is remarkable that the time of the publication of this remarkable treatise should coincide with incidents which have brought out forcibly the weak points of our present system, and that it should be the Liberal and Radical parties which, in the person of the Government which represented them, have now been so much found wanting; whereas in the work itself it is the action of the Conservatives which is mainly dwelt on in illustration of the author's theme, for the reason that it was originally composed at the time of the last attack of England against Afghanistan.

For all that is said in these pages of the illegality and injustice of that war applies with as much force to the last occasion of our plunging into hostilities. The bombardment of Alexandria was undertaken when we were at peace with the Sultan, and it was not preceded by any declaration of war either against him or against any one else. This was brought out at the time in a striking manner in the House of Commons, though only by a conversation. The members knew what was likely to occur from the newspapers; but no debate took place, nor was it brought officially before the House at all. Several members put questions to Mr. Gladstone. One asked, "Will there be no declaration of war, so that it may be known why

England is going to bombard Alexandria?" Another member said: "To whom is the declaration of war to be addressed? To the Sultan? To the Khedive? To Arabi Pasha?" To these questions Mr. Gladstone made the reply that there was no war, and that the bombardment was merely a defensive act on the part of the fleet. When he was further pressed by the question whether the action of the fleet was not an act of war against Turkey, and whether the bombardment would not be in itself an infraction of several treaties, especially the Treaty of Berlin, his reply amounted to this, that such a question raised several others of a delicate nature, and that he could not answer, as he had not time to go into the subject.

Such an acknowledgment on the part of the Prime Minister in reference to the beginning of our intervention in Egypt three years ago and to the incidents which have led to all the consequences which we now see, is surely the strongest argument that can be adduced for insisting on the moral character of war and for the necessity of a formal declaration which shall be the justification for drawing the sword. Even could we suppose that to use violence and take away human life had nothing to do with any moral code, yet we cannot avoid seeing that we suffer directly in our own persons from such acts on the part of Ministers, which must always lead to increased expenditure and therefore to increased taxation, even when they do not involve us in serious difficulties with foreign States.

This question of expenditure was indeed held to be the principal check upon the power given to a Government to go to war without consulting the nation, and was supposed to do away with the necessity for any other. The House of Commons held the purse-strings, it was said, and Ministers would have first to get the money from it, and therefore to make that previous explanation of the cause of the proposed war which is the practical point involved in the declaration of it. This is no longer the case, as we see in the Egyptian affair,

the bill for which has been presented only since the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon.

It is not then from any of the political parties that assistance is to be hoped for in the undertaking proposed by Mr. Monteith. This he understood ; and as he did not accuse one of them more than another, so he expected nothing from them, and looked entirely to individuals who might be induced to work together as for a sacred object, and thus bring about a change in public opinion on the subject of war. In this he was only carrying on the work which had been begun many years previously by one through whom he had himself been induced to break off all party ties and to devote himself to this purely patriotic aim. And in this connection I think it would add to the reader's interest in Mr. Monteith's undertaking if some particulars were given as to the incidents out of which it arose, incidents which might otherwise be soon entirely forgotten, as the principal actors in them have passed away.

The announcement of the intention of Pius IX. to hold a General Council led to the publication of a pamphlet called "Appeal of a Protestant to the Pope for the Restoration of the Law of Nations," the author of which was Mr. Urquhart, to whom Mr. Monteith owed what he would have called his own conversion from the general indifference on the subjects of war and international law. On the assembling of the Vatican Council, Mr. Urquhart went to Rome, accompanied by Mr. Monteith and other Catholic friends. He had a private audience of the Pope, to whom his "Appeal" and other works on the same subject had been presented. "A Christian," said Pius IX. on this occasion, "ought to allow himself to be killed rather than shed blood without just cause." He also expressed his approval of the objects of the appeal that had been made to him, using these words, while laying his hand on the copies of Mr. Urquhart's writings which were on his table :—"I have read all, I



have understood all, I approve of all." At this first interview the Pope said he would appoint one of his prelates to act as an intermediary between himself and Mr. Urquhart, mentioning the name of Monsignor Franchi, the Spanish Nuncio, afterwards Cardinal and Secretary of State to his Holiness. He said his object was to have a ready means of communication, and thus to give Mr. Urquhart the opportunity of laying before him whatever he might have to say on the various questions to be discussed.

From that time Mgr. Franchi was a constant visitor at the house of the English publicist, and many written communications on the part of the author of the "Appeal" were laid before the Pope. With all these circumstances Mr. Monteith was fully acquainted, as was also another friend, the late Mr. Bodenham of Rotherwas, who had long been in relation with the Spanish Nuncio, and was also at Rome during the sitting of the Council. It is worth mentioning here that one of Mr. Urquhart's most ardent wishes was to see the establishment of direct diplomatic relations between the Sultan and the Holy See, instead of the embassies of other nations being used as intermediaries with the Porte ; and that this wish was actually realized soon after the adjournment of the Council, by the appointment of Mgr. Franchi, who went to Constantinople about the affairs of the Catholic Armenian Church. In a letter which he wrote from thence to Mr. Urquhart, June 25, 1871, these words occur :—

"Everything here recalls to me the many conversations we have had together upon the East and the great interests of the Catholic Church. . . . As for me, I am much pleased to have visited the East, and I am convinced that if we had only possessed more exact ideas with respect to the Mussulmans and their interests, we should have known better how to profit by them."

But to give a complete idea of what happened at Rome



about the subject we have in hand, I must go back a little in time to narrate what Mr. Urquhart and his friends had done in the East in preparation for the assembling of the Council. Mgr. Hassoun, afterwards Cardinal, who was then the Patriarch of the Armenian Catholics, was a friend of Mr. Urquhart's, as was also the then Grand Vizier. Mr. Monteith undertook a journey to Constantinople on purpose to propose to the Armenian Patriarch that the subject of the laws of war should be brought before the Synod of his Church, then about to meet on the eve of the departure of himself and the Bishop for Rome. This mission was completely successful as regarded not only the Armenians, but also the Turkish Government. Mr. Monteith's letters from Constantinople were printed and largely distributed in Rome, and here he narrated how warmly the Grand Vizier had entered into the views he laid before him, and promised them all the support the Porte could give. This promise was fulfilled by the encouraging words which he addressed personally to Mgr. Hassoun, while the Sultan shewed publicly his approval of the bishops obeying the summons from Rome by putting one of his ships at their disposal.

The Armenian Synod adopted a series of formal decrees which have been printed in Latin under the title of "*De Re Militari et Bello.*" With these the Patriarchs and Bishops arrived in Rome, proposing to lay them before the Vatican Council. It was at the private residence of Mr. Monteith that a meeting was held for the purpose of bringing together the Eastern Prelates, Maronites, and United Greeks, as well as Armenians, and some of the most distinguished members of the Western Church who were interested in the subject. It was there resolved that it should first be treated of in the form of a *Postulatum*, which was the form adopted at Rome when any subject was to be introduced by individual prelates for the consideration of the Council. The Armenians at once drew up

and signed a Postulatum in their own language, as did also the Maronites. The Armenian version was then put into Latin and signed by many of those Prelates who took a leading part in the labours of the Council. This document has been printed in several foreign publications. One of the first to give it was Mgr. Guérin, in his History of the Vatican Council, who wrongly attributed the authorship of it to Mr. Urquhart. I am not aware that it has ever appeared in English, and therefore I insert it here :—

1. The condition of the world has become insupportable on account of the enormous standing armies levied by conscription. Every country is burdened by the expenses they occasion. The spirit of infidelity and forgetfulness of the law in international affairs give a complete facility to the commencement of wars which are unjust and informal, that is to say, of murder on a large scale. Thus the resources of the poor are diminished, commerce is paralysed, the consciences of men are either perverted or outraged, and souls are lost every day.

2. The Church alone can find a remedy for these miseries. Even should her voice not be obeyed by all, it will always be the guide to millions of men, and sooner or later must produce an effect. Above all, the assertion of eternal principles is always in itself a homage to God, and cannot be without fruit.

3. There are grave and serious men, versed in public affairs, who look upon the position of the world and the Church in reference to these truths in the same light as do holy men devoted to religion. All these are equally persuaded of the necessity of a declaration of that part of the Canon Law which deals with the Law of Nations, and with the character of war, and defines how it becomes either a duty or a crime.

Such a restoration of conscience in men would dispel those dangers by which society is menaced, a result which can never be achieved by worldly prudence and political calculations. The time which is granted to us for action may be short. If it is not put to profit, the responsibility will weigh upon the Church of not having used the occasion which Providence offers to her.

The next step that I know of was taken by Mgr. Franchi. He obtained from Mr. Urquhart several copies of the Armenian Decrees, "*De Re Militari et Bello*," saying that he required them for the members of the Conciliary Commission for Postulata—a body elected by the Bishops among themselves. He afterwards told us that the Commission had unanimously accepted them, and also that the Holy Father had expressed his entire approval. This was the state of the question when the breaking out of the French and German war obliged the Bishops to leave Rome and the Pope to adjourn the Council.

Mr. Monteith has often told me how he hoped by his discourse to do something towards preparing for the reception of the decrees on the subject of war, which he looked forward to when the Vatican Council should be able to resume its labours. In the meantime he held it to be the duty of private men to do all in their power to obtain a recognition of the principles of justice in international relations, as necessary to the safety of each people and of society in general.

The scheme of the discourse is a very logical one. It opens with a reference to the incidents I have mentioned, and gives some examples of the absence of just ideas on the subject of war, and then passes on to treat of the "Divine, natural, and canonical law on the unjust shedding of blood." Our author goes back to the origin of the human race; to the first murder; to the solemn words addressed to man upon the sacredness of human life, because "man is made in the image of God." The Afghan war had been publicly justified on the ground that the Afghan people were uncivilized. "An uncivilized State," it was said, "has never been held to have a right to what we may term the full comity of nations." Against this Mr. Monteith cites the loyal conduct of Abraham, the father of the faithful, towards his idolatrous allies, and quotes from Grotius that the law of justice is inherent in human nature, and is common to all men without distinction of religion. Tertullian sees in the



new Christian dispensation, fulfilling the ancient prophecies by which all nations were to be given to the Messiah, that henceforth the mantle of fraternal love was extended over all men without any exception :—

“ Hence the Church—that is to say, the new form of humanity which calls all men to herself in her Catholic embrace—acquired the new glory of professing a horror of bloodshed even with a just cause. Every war is not forbidden, nor is every soldier a criminal ; but the most just of wars is to be deplored, and the Christian whose hands have been steeped even in guilty blood must purify them if he would be chosen to offer the unbloody sacrifice of the Lamb. But should he have defiled them with innocent blood, then the ministry of the altar is forbidden to him. This double canonical law still exists. It is what is called irregularity *ex defectu lenitatis*, and irregularity *ex delicto homicidii*. At this moment the Pope alone can dispense with the first irregularity, and canonists teach that all combatants without distinction acquire the second in an unjust war ” (Discourse, page 15).

An unjust war is one undertaken without a just cause. In the canons *De re militari et bello*, what forms a just cause is taught by the enumeration of those things which are but unlawful pretexts. The canon *Quid culpatur in bello* denounces “ The desire to rule, which is only pride, or to extend the boundaries of the empire, which is only ambition ; the lust of riches, which is a kind of idolatry ; the passion of envy towards friendly nations, which is the sin of Cain ; a savage joy in the shedding of blood.” In the Roman catechism on the commandment, Thou shalt not kill, and under the heading, “ What is it that God forbids us by this commandment ? ” we find, to use the words of the Discourse, “ That a just war is assimilated to a judicial act, and the soldiers who make it are placed on the same footing as magistrates, inasmuch as they cannot be accused of homicide any more than these last when they pronounce a judicial sentence upon a criminal.” The catechism of Trent does in fact justify magistrates, on the ground that



the end of the commandment is to preserve human life, for which purpose it is necessary to punish crime ; and then goes on to say, " It is for the same reason that soldiers who kill their enemies in a *just* war are not guilty of homicide when they do so for the defence of their country, and not from a desire to satisfy their cruelty or their cupidity."

The collection of passages from the ancients is made in a very masterly manner. Greek and Latin and even Chinese wisdom is evoked and made to bear on the same point : which is that the character of a war depends entirely upon its origin. Thus Cicero defines unjust wars as those entered upon without cause : *Illa bella injusta sunt quæ sunt sine causa suscepta*. Also that the just cause had to be formally declared before it could be enforced by arms. This appears especially from the care taken by the Romans in that respect by the institution of the Final College, and by the sacred formulas used by them in declaring war, which was done in the presence of citizens of the hostile country : " I take you to witness that this people is unjust, and that they refuse to make reparation." And again : " They have refused to surrender such and such persons whom they ought to have given up ; to do such and such things which they were bound to do ; to give satisfaction for such and such a wrong : *Quas res nec dederunt, nec solverunt, nec fecerunt, quas res dari, fieri et solvi oportuit*." After quoting which, Mr. Monteith invites us to consider whether any of these formulas could have been applied to the Afghans whom we had attacked ; and now I may add, to the Egyptians when we bombarded Alexandria.

The legislators, poets and philosophers of antiquity have but one voice on the subject of the crime of unjust shedding of blood, and on the reasons which can alone form the just cause. These perfectly agree with the Pontifical Canons, and both the one and the other have been followed by the modern Law of Nations. The Canons of the Church are indeed avowedly

based upon the Natural Law. It is but the other day that in a Latin letter addressed by the secretary of the late Pope to a French deputy, to congratulate him on having defended the canonical laws at the tribune, it was said that he had thus rendered a great service to his country because the Canonical Law is almost entirely composed of deductions from and applications of the Law of Nature; and Gratian, in that which is known as "The Decree," begins with the aphorism: "The human race is governed by two rules: the Law of Nature, and manners which are the result of custom." "The Law of Nature is contained in the Mosaic Law and in the Gospel."

Perhaps it may be said that as no one can deny these general principles, and as there is nothing new that can be said about them, this discourse is superfluous and unworthy of attention. And if Mr. Monteith had stopped at this point, it is true that little result could be expected from its publication, noble as are the simple truths it contains. But far from this being the case, the pages devoted to general principles in respect to war form but a small part of the whole. The author does not remain in the region of abstract truth, but grapples with the practical question on the solution of which depends the application of these truths to nations and their Governments. He deals with the "Duty of private men, of citizens and of subjects in reference to War;" and here he follows the same order as in the first part, quoting first Christian and then Pagan writers in order to define the limits placed by the Eternal Law to the obedience which is due to human authority. The coincidence between the two is remarkable and interesting. His two principal Christian authorities are St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bernard, of whose doctrine on this point he presents a complete analysis. To take one of his examples of the wisdom of antiquity, we find Sophocles making the pious Antigone answer the reproach of Creon, "Why hast thou dared thus to spurn my law?" by the words: "Because thy mandate was

opposed to Jove's and all the sacred dictates men revere." Exactly the same truth that was proclaimed at the foundation of the Christian Church by the Apostles: "We must obey God rather than men." With regard to the doctrine of blind obedience to States our author must speak for himself:—

"The three facts in which war materially consists, are amongst the greatest evils which can fall upon mankind. It follows that if the just cause is wanting they become the matter of the greatest crimes that men can commit against other men; crimes which violate in the highest degree the commandments of the Decalogue, and which are everywhere punished with the greatest severity—namely, murder, arson, and robbery. In other terms, these acts become crimes when those who kill, burn and pillage, have not the right to inflict these terrible punishments. Again, the true notion of hierarchical order and obedience proves to demonstration that the order of the superior, whoever he may be, is so far from being sufficient to render what is ordered legitimate, that it is proper to obey only in so far as the thing ordered is not illegitimate by being contrary to the Law of God" (page 57).

This reasoning is founded upon the principle which St. Thomas proclaims: that superiors command only by virtue of the mandate they hold from God, and that they cease to have a right to the obedience of others from the moment that they themselves are in disobedience, which is the case if they be in injustice; and they can be in injustice in two ways: if they exercise a usurped authority, or if they command that which is unjust.

Mr. Monteith does not shrink from applying these truths directly to those who bear arms. Nor does St. Bernard, whose treatise, "An Instruction to the Knights and Soldiers of the Temple," he makes use of. For this Saint, the preacher of the Second Crusade, far from excusing all subordinates as irresponsible persons, speaks on the contrary of "that which weighs on the conscience of those engaged in war; I mean the light and frivolous causes for which blood is made to flow, on



account of which the profession of arms is rightly held to be a dangerous one."

The third part of the Discourse begins with chapter xi.: "On the forms of justice required by the Law of Nations in respect to war." The necessity for a declaration of war has already been referred to ; but then it was in reference to the nation from whom we demand reparation. It has to be considered in the other most important point of its bearing upon the duty of a soldier. When the declaration of war in proper form is issued, then the soldier can obey without incurring the reproach of exercising a blind obedience. The declaration of war is his warrant for drawing the sword, without which he ought not to draw the sword, any more than the executioner would put to death the criminal until sentence had been passed by the proper authority. We have seen that the catechism of Trent places soldiers on the same footing as magistrates, by treating war as a judicial act, as a sentence of death pronounced against a criminal. The laws of England agree on this point with all the other authorities. So lately as during the first Chinese war a civil action to recover damages against a sea captain for not landing goods at Canton according to agreement, which he had been prevented from doing by the action of the Queen's naval forces, was lost by the unanimous decision of the court, because the hostilities had not been preceded by a declaration of war, and therefore could not carry legal consequences. This is the celebrated case of *Evans v. Hutton*, November 9, 1842. The decision explains how it was that Sir James Graham could say in his place in the House of Commons, uncontradicted, as he did, that every soldier and sailor who had killed a Chinese had been guilty of murder by English law, because there had been no declaration.

I think it will thus be seen that the Discourse on Bloodshedding and the Laws of War does not present to us mere elementary theories which have nothing to do with the life of



man, or the fate of our country. We are invited, on the contrary, to come to a most practical conclusion, which is to work for the restoration to practice of that which does most really exist in law and in right. All the great changes that have been brought about in this country have been the work at the beginning of a few private individuals, uniting their efforts to a common end.

It ought to be known that the same view which was taken by the Pope and the Members of the Council at Rome on the question of war, was also strongly adopted by the most intelligent among the working classes in this country, when they also were appealed to by Mr. Urquhart. This is not the place in which to give a history of the Foreign Affairs Committees which he founded in the principal towns of England during the ten years between 1854 and 1864. I can only refer to the Reports drawn up by those Committees, to the petitions they presented to Parliament, to their deputations to London, and the interviews they held with Members of Parliament; in all of which the legal nature of war and the necessity of enforcing it in practice constituted the whole intention and contention of the undertaking. I will mention but one incident, which was a visit from some of the members to Paris in 1872 in order to present an address to the French Assembly on this subject. They were received by several members of that body, and the Duc de Pasquier undertook to present their address, in which they proposed to the National Assembly to make it part of their new constitution that some restraint should be placed on the power of the Executive to make war, by obliging it first to lay the case before a legal tribunal.

When intelligent working men have such a subject as this of war laid before them they display a seriousness, an energy, and a freshness of mind, not often to be found among those who have been more taught and have been more in the world of literature or of politics. The working men who went to

Paris were of a high class of intelligence. In an account written at the time by one of the French gentlemen present, I find the words of the deputy from Preston thus given: "What do you do in France when a man steals a franc?" he asked of M. Benoit D'Azy, who replied, "We put the law in motion and convict the offender." The working man rejoined: "Having this respect for law in regard to a minor matter and a smaller crime, have you then no law to apply to the gravest matter and the most serious crime, in which not only the property of millions of men may be squandered away, but the blood of hundreds of thousands may be unjustly shed, and in which you yourselves may become victims as you have recently been? Our object is to appeal to France to establish and restore for herself, as a nation, a state of things similar to that which exists in every village for the suppression of crime when committed by individuals." Words still more significant were spoken by the deputy from Keighly, in answer to the remark that the Members of the Assembly who had come there to meet them supposed that their object had been to expose grievances peculiar to their own class, and that questions about war were foreign to the subject. The reply asserted that it was the unlimited power allowed to Governments of levying war that caused the great evils of conscription, enormous taxation, accumulation of debt, evils which weighed upon all classes and which led to internal discontent and the setting of one class against another. "The working class," said the deputy, "suffer from the evils that afflict the community; but these evils proceed from lawlessness, and we see no remedy but in the restoration of law;" the same words as proceeded from the Prelates at Rome.

Thus did those engaged in the undertaking of which the publication of the discourse forms a part, appeal to the Catholic Church in the person of its Head and its most august prelates. They gained the approval of the late Pontiff, and have had

that of his successor, to whom Mr. Monteith's treatise has been dedicated and presented, and who permitted its publication. Thus also have the promoters of the Law of Nations appealed to their own countrymen and to the people of France, addressing especially the working-men of each nation and eliciting a very grave response. Every public event since then seems to have justified their action. Here, then, is an opportunity for uniting the Church and the coming Democracy of England in a most noble object, which even to strive for must make a man better, and in which failure itself would be more worthy of praise than success on many another field.

H. A. URQUHART.



## “Left Behind!”

“LEFT BEHIND!” Who has not such an experience among the more tragic memories of childhood? Left behind on a sunny day, when brothers and sisters and young friends were joyously setting off on some longed-for party of pleasure—some event taking a greater place in life than the events of later days can ever fill; going to fulfil a dream of the country, of the woods, of flowers and birds, and dainties made doubly delicate by the novelty and by appetites sharpened with long frolics in sweet new air. Left behind—to the dreary-looking room, every detail of which is wearisome, the atmosphere of which alternately feels close and chilly, according to the sick feelings of its solitary inmate. Even the carefully-ordered meal is no pleasure; for the zest for food is gone, and the dinner has been restricted by doctor's orders to uninteresting viands.

Who does not remember such a day in childhood? and who does not remember with a little pang of regret the leaving behind as well as the being left, the young egoism of the setting-out in health and joy, with hardly a thought of the poor little comrade who is not going? But Nature is not unkind in keeping children from the emotions of sympathy. She considers their happiness as important, and protects it from the wear and tear of pain for others. For the adult mind Nature is less tender; she leaves it open to large vicarious sufferings, and to the partial marring of all its pleasure by the remembrance of those who are doomed, not to the accidental failure of one pleasure in pleasant childhood, but to the unrelieved privations of long unhappy life.

Some of the left-behind of mature years are those chronic invalids who, as a matter of course, have no joys. Habit has

made even their more tender friends resigned to the lot of such sufferers, with the resignation of the old lady who was sorry for the passengers drowned on a lost vessel, but felt that the sailors were more or less used to it. But the chronic invalids themselves take other views of their own lot. In the annals of literature there is nothing more touching than the fact that stories fullest of animal life, where the men, and especially the horses, perform feats of marvellous strength and skill, leap five-barred gates and quarries with an unrivalled facility that fairly carries their readers away, were the work of a crippled invalid. He had found the secret compensation that exists only in the exercise of the imagination; and the way in which the creative imagination of the writer tends is a guide to the direction of the less active fancy. In the case of each of us, literature has in some degree to make amends for life; and of whom can this be said with fuller truth than of the invalid—the child indemnified for monotony by “Robinson Crusoe” and the “Arabian Nights;” the man, for inactivity and dependence, by the liberation of study; the woman, for isolation, by a love-story?

And now, for actual pleasure, there is little in the world so good, keen, and fresh—to the national and modern and Occidental temperament, which has never had its ideal in Nirvana—as that of standing on a lovely morning in August on the long platform of a London terminus, with the Continent, or the country, and the vacation in prospect. The smoke and dust are still there, but the sun and the sweetness are to come. Work well done, let us hope, is behind, and the energetic rest of the Briton is before. The comrade has been well chosen by the travelling bachelor, or the boys and girls whom he loves have been collected by the father under the wife’s solicitous smile. Any way, we may imagine our traveller to be one of the large but rather inarticulate majority of his kind—a man who has not outlived his family loves and his righteous pleasures, who has not suffered, or sinned, or enjoyed in the

way that spoils the capacity for happiness. It is part of his joy that of those he loves none are left behind. But of the larger family to which every man belongs by the oldest of all kinship, how many are left forsaken in the great toiling town, knowing that never again for them will the fresh air of the country fan their cheeks? There will be no change for them till the one change that must come to all. There is nothing to think about, nothing to look forward to. Some are happy in the possession of loving relatives who tend them dutifully, but they feel they are a weight even on these. But others of the pathetic class of invalids there are who have outlived all things, outlived their friends, outlived their own health and strength, and who were never probably in a position to make a small provision for the future—of such are the waifs who drift from the hospital, that discharges them because it cannot cure them, to the workhouse infirmary. They have been left behind all their lives, and the social eddy leaves them at last in that most forgotten and forsaken of all places, except the grave. Then the workers—those, too, are left behind, just round the corner of the few squares that form the London of the articulate classes. The desertion of London at holiday time is a very partial thing, as any one can ascertain for himself by taking a hansom and telling the man to drive East for four miles or so. All that way he will see little sign of any one being "out of town." The big hospitals will not have one empty bed. The artisan will be thankfully going to his daily work day after day; holidays to him would only mean starving for the little ones. The shop-girl is still standing at her counter, and the hands, hardly diminished in numbers, are crowding in and out at the factory doors, and eating their scanty and unsanitary dinners in the time of rest.

No doubt our happy traveller on the railway platform has done something; no doubt some fund for "a day in the country" is richer for a donation from his purse. Perhaps he is a sub-



scriber to a convalescent home ; if he is a member of the Botanical or the Zoological Society, no doubt he has sent his daily order to some institution where it will be used by nurses or teachers to their great enjoyment, and he feels he has done all he could. Is there anything more ? Yes. The enjoyer of actual pleasure is still in debt to him who has nothing but the imaginative. He must supply that. That yellow-backed novel he has just given half-a-crown for—he has been reading the author's life, and wants to refresh his memory as to this particular work, which he had known years ago. The first edition, bound in morocco, is on his library shelf, but it was too valuable and too heavy to take in the train. So he gives two and-six for the yellow-back, and the rest of the party follow his example in many ways and for many reasons. Holiday numbers, American reprints, household economy (for mamma has forgotten her cookery book, and has not much faith in the cook at the seaside), all are patronized in turn by the members of the family, and before the end of the holidays the pile has accumulated to a goodly heap that forms the despair of the head of the party when she comes to pack up. What shall I do with all this rubbish ? she remarks, regardless that perhaps the collection includes some of our famous English classics, but at that moment they only represent to her so much cubic space to be occupied in boxes already full to overflowing.

What shall she do with them, these waifs of literature ? Let her send them to the "left behind," to the sick, to the aged, to the hardworked weary woman, the toiling labouring man, to the incurable, the hopeless, and the forsaken. They are a new world. They are friends to the friendless, they are rest to the overworked, they will calm the weariness of sickness and soothe the restlessness of old age and childhood. To eyes that never see anything but the dreary wilderness of London streets they bring images of beauty, of open fields, of breezy seas, of rushing rivers. To those whose lives are passed for the most part

among men and women with low aims and coarse enjoyments and mean motives, they recall that there are noble actions, holy thoughts, pure ideals.

Let the novel—which we have supposed to be such as the educated Englishman reads himself, and such as his wife chooses for herself and her daughters and sons—let it go forth to make the great amends of literature for the great defect of life. Let us have "Mr. Caxton," "Mr. Pickwick," "Colonel Newcome," "Frank Fairleigh," "John Halifax," "Mary Barton," "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Waverley," "The Lady of the Lake," "King Arthur," "The Angel in the House," "Romola," "Adam Bede," and a thousand others—all our dear friends—and let us send them forth to make friends all round us. These are those who never forsake us. No sins or shortcomings of ours can alienate them, no distance can change them. With them, though our bodies are chained to our sick beds, we can walk the streets of Florence, we can roam the Scottish hills. With these near us, we have never been really "left behind." Let us send the same good company to the suffering, working, weary or old, or to the still sadder and the more responsive young.

But the great difficulty of our huge modern society presents itself. Those who have are so far from those who want, that the hands stretched out to give cannot touch the hands that are empty. The busy professional man, the occupied house mother, have not time to take their surplus literature in their hands and seek for the "left behind" in their thousands of unnoticeable and disregarded homes. But there are those who will and can. Long ago a society sprang quietly into existence, like a young tree that is hardly noticed for the first years of its life; now it spreads its branches all over England, and specially all over London. Its first duty is to bring "beauty home to the people," and what form of beauty is more precious than are books? Better than the decoration of a

wall is the power that can make the wall vanish and give way for infinite views. If those who love books send copies of their favourites to the Kyrle Society, 14, Nottingham Place, to the care of the honorary secretary of the Literature Branch, they will go where they are sorely needed. For the Society will distribute the varied works where they are specially desirable. Knowledge and fancy, experience and the ideal, each has its own place in a soul that needs it. And at this time more than ever before many wants can be supplied at once by the capital serials that abound. Literature not ephemeral in merit here and there takes ephemeral form. It is also well worth adding that those magazines—whether Transatlantic or Cisatlantic—which are not so serious as to discuss the beginning and end of things in monthly efforts, nor so light as to be empty of real pleasure, are innocuous reading, stimulating neither irresponsible speculation nor perilous passion.

A word may be said to authors too—people notoriously dissatisfied with their audiences. Many of them have written for the future ; and Charles Lamb, with a more significant and frolicsome discontent, cried out, "Hang the present age! I will write for antiquity." There has been always a desire for an unseen public. And that desire might find satisfaction if authors would give their work to the unseen poor and the unseen sick—readers whose surroundings they do not know, and whose experience is remote, who may have as strange, fresh, and various thoughts as might be hoped for from the readers of the past and the future. Nor surely will the Master Who accepts bread and water given to the poor, reject the alms of fancy and recreation, of mirth and tenderness. "I was sad, and you amused Me," is no unworthy continuation of the great revelation of the value of charity.

N. PAGE.



## A Young Philistine.

### I.

**M**R. FRESHMEAD, the Squire, was full of theories. He was a young man, but he felt as if he had lived through centuries of thought. He had only just come into the property of Old Grove, and he had come into it unexpectedly. Death had lopped off by scarlet fever, with what might seem an almost freakish stroke of its scythe, the two blooming scions of the family that had stood between him and the inheritance of those broad acres. Mr. Freshmead had never seriously anticipated that he would at any time be their possessor, but he was wont, while still in his college days, to picture and to trace for the benefit of his listeners the course he would pursue should he ever be in the responsible position of having land and tenantry.

The young man prided himself upon his power of influencing others. He had the nature and gifts that impress more timid and confused contemporaries. He had his blind enthusiasms ; his abject subjections ; his unreasoning antipathies. He spoke of them constantly ; he descanted upon every theme with the assurance of one who had arrived at his own conclusions. The self-confidence that inspires the more experienced with distrust impresses the young. Mr. Freshmead had a pleasant voice and a courteous manner. With his antagonists he would assume a position of half-amused humility that robbed their shafts of much of their effect. He would admit that his theories were based on illusions ; but, then, he argued that the philosophy of life was to hug one's illusions. For all his much speaking, the young man had plenty of power of work in him, and genuine taste. His career at Oxford had been brilliant ; he had come off high in classics ; he was a gold medallist. At the age of

twenty-three, he had realized his ambition, and was the centre of a clique—the leader of a small band of disciples, who, under his guidance, abjured wines, vulgar pleasures, and proclaimed a chivalric if somewhat too emphatic enthusiasm for things fair and of good report. After taking his degree at Oxford, Mr. Freshmead travelled. It was while he was at Rome that the news reached him that he was the possessor of Old Grove. The young man wrote to the Professor whom he called his master, and to some of his own favourite disciples, that the tidings had drenched him with low spirits—he had been overcome by the responsibility thrust upon him. But his pusillanimous mood had been replaced by rejoicing in the acquired sense of power.

The Squire was a good-looking young man. If his hair was somewhat long, his frame was well-developed and muscular; showing that, like the Greeks, he cultivated gymnastics as well as music.

It was late one Saturday evening when he arrived at Old Grove. He got out of the hired coach some way outside the village, making his way quietly on foot up to the house. The privacy of his entrance had been calculated and thought out. The Freshmeads had for the two past generations been more or less absentees. The young man, as their heir, had no claim to the regard of the tenants. He did not care for a welcome that meant nothing: it savoured of vulgar cheapness. He had determined to live among his people—to get to know them, win their affection, and gradually lift them in the scale of human beings.

It was late, and the Old Grovians had retired to rest, when the Squire strolled out. He was curious to judge by the outward appearance of the place what its inhabitants were like. It was a fine spring night, and the moon sent a flood of light over the road, the young hedges, the white orchards, and distant woods. The village proper seemed to consist of a

straggling street, with a wayside inn at one end. The Squire passed a church, with a low Norman tower guarding the resting dead ; a comfortable rectory ; a new ugly building, that looked like a school. Then he went out into the open country. The place was some miles out of reach of the railway, and Mr. Freshmead was pleased to note that, as far as he could see, this corner of the world had made no concessions to the times. His political tenets were a jumble of conservatism and rank radicalism. He passed a labyrinth of various-sized farms ; there were straggling hedgerows everywhere ; leisurely crops of weeds grew in sufficiently undrained soil ; old-fashioned farm instruments lay about ; there were no signs of steam ploughs or other modern inventions. The glimmer of gold and white occasionally showed from kine kneeling under the trees. The place seemed to indicate that its inhabitants led a jog-trot existence of material comfort. The Squire took note of some cottages as he went along, the meanness of which contrasted with the surrounding aspect of lazy prosperity.

As he retraced his footsteps, he entered the churchyard ; a footpath ran through it, apparently used as a sort of highway. The general aspect of the graves proclaimed the neglect of the dead by the living. There were some new head-stones, with stiff evergreens doing decorous duty, like paid mourners at a funeral. Here and there bloomed a few dejected flowers. He could read the inscriptions—they consisted of the usual conventional quotations, or of high-sounding original rhymes. Over the majority of tombs the bladed grass grew long and tangled. A number of head-stones and foot-stones leant towards each other, suggesting in the moonlight ghostly cronies whispering to each other scandals concerning those entombed between them.

Suddenly, the young man paused before a grave, the white head-stone of which rose above a bed of vivid-coloured flowers—balsams, periwinkles, marigolds, and monthly roses, carefully



tended. In the surrounding stiffness and colourlessness, these blooming plants, throwing out their luxurious shoots, would alone have given to the small inclosure a character of originality ; but it was the appearance of the head-stone that caused the Squire to remain standing still, surprised—almost fascinated. In the glittering moonlight he could see, carved in *basso-relievo*, a palette, through the thumb-hole of which were passed some brushes ; under it was inscribed, "In loving remembrance of Samuel Tebbs, whose genius was the pride of Old Grove, his native place. Died aged 76." The date was that of the previous year.

Had Mr. Freshmead met the ghost of Sir Joshua in wig and silken breeches wandering about this country churchyard, he could not have felt more surprised than on coming on this tomb. The longer he lingered, the more attracted and interested he became. Who was this Samuel Tebbs ? What picture had he painted ? Who loved him so much that his tomb was like a garden, and that there stood over it such a memorial of his genius ?

The Squire felt that this brightly-blooming grave promised a kinship between him and some of the inhabitants of a place where the tokens of prosperity had hitherto appeared to him almost like an effigy of death itself.

## II.

The Squire's church-going next day was as unpretentious as had been his entrance into the place. He waited till the chimes of the village church, with their old-world voice, had ceased calling the living to pray, as they had called their fathers before them ; then he quietly went by the back way, and was shown into the family pew. The Squire felt that making his first appearance among his people, in the place in church he should occupy, savoured of the mysterious and impressive. He stood with his hat veiling his countenance, and when he removed it

he found, as he expected, every face turned towards him. The rector had ascended the reading-desk, but no attention was vouchsafed to the portly, surpliced figure ; all eyes were riveted on the Squire. The young man, at a glance, took in the character of the congregation, now shuffling to its feet in response to the exhortation to repent of its sins. Mr. Freshmead saw on all sides men and women, sleek as stall-fed cattle, rosy-cheeked girls, boorish youths ; all around, well-to-do mediocrity robed in its Sunday best. In the whole assembly there did not seem to be one countenance with restless aspiration written upon it ; nor could he distinguish a representative of the labourers.

His quick survey was cut short by his catching sight of certain mural decorations in the background, and he almost forgot where he was in looking at these frescoes which occupied the east end of the church. They were apparently memorial paintings ; for they represented colossal men and women in various postures of grief. A lady in a sable garment leant over an urn, daintily holding to her eyes a frilled pocket-handkerchief, the size of a pillow-case. Another hid her face against a gentleman's shoulder ; above this, faultlessly attired, two angels hovered, whose hair no breeze from heaven had ruffled. They were carrying between them a pasty babe ; and a yellow rift in some grey clouds above showed their destination. The Squire, notwithstanding the theories with which his soul was oppressed, had yet a sense of humour. He would have smiled as his eyes wandered over those grotesque productions ; but he saw he was observed. A young lady had entered the pew opposite his ; she was watching him. He caught her eyes fixed upon him with a gaze so intent and questioning that he felt inclined for a moment to take her into his confidence, and let her see his amusement. Something in the expression of her glance froze the smile on her lips.

As the congregation knelt, and the Squire bowed his head,

his thoughts suddenly reverted to the flower-covered grave in the churchyard hard by, and the tombstone near which he had stood the evening before. Could the one buried beneath be the painter of these frescoes? As Mr. Freshmead recalled the dreams of a kindred spirit in which he had indulged, the smile was replaced by a sigh. There was but one course to be taken to cover with a layer of whitewash those villainous daubs.

On raising his head, the Squire looked towards the pew opposite his. From its size and general appointments, it was evidently the pew next in importance to that of the owners of the soil. A stout lady was in the background, the young lady whose fixed gaze had attracted his attention was in the foreground. She was very pretty, and naturally graceful; but the Squire was sorry—almost shocked—that the garments in which she was arrayed were so unpicturesque. Mr. Freshmead was an authority on beautiful and characteristic dressing for women. It was a triumph of the face, he thought, that it retained its piquancy and charm under the over-trimmed Sunday bonnet, and that the neat figure still looked graceful in the stiffly-starched white dress, with the prim bows fixed down the front at uncompromisingly regular intervals.

After the first sense of jar was over, the young man continued to look with interest at the damsel opposite to him. There was something very taking in her countenance. It had character; there was a look of pretty obstinacy, even a touch of pugnacity, about the set of the lips. Her physiognomy and bearing, in spite of her dress, contrasted with that of the men and women around. As the voices in the organ-loft vied with each other as to which should reach the most poignant pitch of discord, it occurred to the Squire that to meet her here was like coming across a silver sea-bird on the flats of the Dead Sea, or finding a sonnet by Spenser or Shakespeare within the leaves of a book of receipts for daily wants. He would have liked her to look towards him again; but after that



first scrutinizing gaze she kept her eyes on her book, or fixed their regard on vacancy. Once or twice they were turned on the frescoes, and then the Squire could almost have fancied that a moist brightness filled them as they lingered there.

The following evening, the Squire was writing to the Professor at Oxford, whom he called his Master. He had had a fatiguing day. He had been closeted for hours with his agent in the morning; then he had spent the afternoon in paying visits to several farmers. He was now confiding to his Master his schemes for the civilizing and regeneration of the farmers and labourers, who were, in a manner, his people. The young man, having no other lights, reflected that whereas there was in the old days a Religion that lifted men, now they must be lifted by Art. He was beginning a description of the frescoes, whose demoralizing ugliness he had resolved to extinguish—the rector had told him a good deal about the painter of these mural decorations; the reverend gentleman was proud of them, and was dismayed on hearing the Squire express his intention of removing them—when the door opened, and the servant announced “Miss Tebbs.” The visitor entering, Mr. Freshmead at once recognized the girl who had occupied the pew opposite to him the day before. It was a wet night, and Miss Tebbs was clad in a dark, close-fitting waterproof, that enveloped her form from chin to ankle. Perhaps the rigidity of this foldless garment added to the determined aspect of the wearer.

Mr. Freshmead rose and bowed; Miss Tebbs took no heed of his salutation; she looked straight at her host. For all the resolution of her gaze, a keen observer might have noticed an inner wavering light.

“I have just met our rector, and he says you have seen——.” She had begun abruptly; but here her voice faltered; she stopped. Then she began again, speaking more slowly, like one keeping her voice under control. “Mr. Robson told me

that you have seen the beautiful frescoes my grandfather painted, which all the country admire, and that you—you spoke of whitewashing them."

The Squire's heart sank somewhat under the scrutiny of Miss Tebbs' eyes. "Pray sit down," he said, drawing a chair forward for her. "I was going to write to you."

She hesitated a moment; then she sat down without saying a word—holding herself with uncompromising straightness; keeping her eyes fastened on her host's face. There was something in the gaze that he did not like meeting; it vaguely brought to his mind certain days, long past, when he went bird-nesting, and out of the dimness of the leaves the mother-bird had watched his movements.

"You see, Miss Tebbs," he began, with some embarrassment pushing his hand through his hair, and then thrusting it inside his breast-coat pocket, "I have peculiar views concerning a landlord's duties. I have to-day visited some of my tenants. Putting the labourers out of the question, they are a well-to-do set; but utterly ignorant. I am sure you have felt it yourself, how little they are removed above the level of their own cattle. Why, do you think they have any care for the beauty around them? the wild flowers that smell to us of our childhood—they look upon as so much fodder." He rose, went to the mantelpiece, leant his arm upon it, and looked down at her. "My hope and ambition would be to lift them up a little, not by book-learning, but by simply waking them up to seeing something of the loveliness with which they are surrounded. Do you understand me, Miss Tebbs?"

"No," she answered.

This blunt monosyllable disconcerted the young man; the watchful fixity of her glance was also beginning to have a physical effect upon him; it seemed like a lash of light laid across his face. He moved away restlessly; then he returned to his leaning posture. He began again with undiminished

earnestness, "I wish I could make myself clear. I wish I could enlist you as my ally. I wish I could make you feel as I do the pathos of these lives that are so sordid in the midst of Nature's lavish carelessness of the morrow. Do you not understand?"

"No," she repeated. "And I do not see," she added, "what this has to do with the frescoes."

"It has everything to do with them," he replied, with mournful resolution, flinging himself back in his chair. "Believe me, Miss Tebbs, I wish I could say what I have to say without giving you pain. I appreciate your grandfather's endeavour to—to—ornament our church, but there are immense difficulties—inappreciable difficulties—it is next to impossible for an artist to master his craft who has not every advantage. Besides the constant training and practice, he should purify his taste by the study of the works of the old Masters."

"He copied a Titian," she interrupted sharply—"The picture of Titian's daughter, hanging up in the town-hall of B——."

"That is not a Titian," he replied, trying to hide a smile—"but a very bad copy of one. The original is at the Museum in Berlin. I daresay I am a very ignorant man myself, Miss Tebbs," continued the Squire, in the tone of one who though convinced is willing to mistrust himself; "but those things I delight in have been the delight of ages. Sacred Art should have a Biblical dignity marking it. The end and aim of the Art admitted into our churches is to help us to realize the great scenes of our faith—to move our reverence—then it becomes a powerful influence of good. But those frescoes," he went on, "fulfil none of these conditions, and just as true Art decorates and elevates, its counterfeit demoralises and debases——"

The Squire did not finish his phrase. Miss Tebbs had risen, her face pale, her eyes dilated, her features working with emotion. "Demoralizing! Degrading!" she repeated. "He,



the best, the purest, the gentlest!" The passionate bosom heaved. Before the Squire could move from his place to open the door for her, or ring the bell, Miss Tebbs had turned and left the room.

The Squire stood still, thinking a few minutes. The rector had told him all about Samuel Tebbs. The painter had got this job of ornamenting the church from one of the Freshmeads. He was an old enthusiast; the poor scapegrace of a family that had made some money in business in the county town of B——. The painter's only son, Mary's father, being of a practical turn, had joined his uncle. Before his death, which occurred when Mary was about fifteen, he had realized a competence and had bought a small property—the only freehold about here. The marriage of Mary's parents had not been a very happy one. The mother, dying soon after the child's birth, the little one had been sent down to her grandfather at Old Grove. An elderly lady, a distant relative, looked after her physical needs, but a tender and peculiar tie existed between the child and the old man.

The Squire remained for a few minutes motionless; then shrugged his shoulders, and sat down to his writing once more. But, do what he would, he could not shake off the impression of that scrutinising gaze, with its inner, anxious light, turned upon him; and for the life of him, he could not pour forth those eloquent and finely-felt sentences that used to come so easily. Something like an odd suspicion of playing at sincerity checked the flow of his inspiration, and chilled him. He laid aside his pen, and pushed his papers into his desk, and went upstairs to pack up for the morrow. He was going to London on business, not the least important part of it, in his eyes, being the purchase of some works of Art and the forwarding to Old Grove of some pictures from the family town-house, to be a nucleus for the museum he meant to found.

## III.

MISS TEBBS was a maid of high mettle. She was not one calmly to submit to adverse fate. She would not submit until, metaphorically speaking, she had no more life left within her to resist longer. She did not speak to Mrs. Gibson, her aunt, of the Squire's intentions regarding the frescoes, because Mrs. Gibson, having led a tame existence, took a spiritless view of life, and was fain to accept misfortune as a necessary element of it. Miss Tebbs looked upon life from a totally different stand-point. She was inclined to wage a hand-to-hand combat with adversity, and would not allow herself to be worsted in the struggle, if she could help it.

She did not sleep that night, turning in her mind what she should do. Never had she been at such odds with fortune. That the crown of genius she had always seen shining, like an aureole, round those dear, faded locks should be plucked away filled her with a thousand yearnings. Yet she would not let the pity of it unman her soul: she must be ready for the struggle. There was to be a struggle. She was up betimes, tramping over the meadows as morning was stepping out of her veils, hanging them in silver shreds on the boughs of the trees, and letting their asure folds slip about her feet in the valleys.

Miss Tebbs had resolved on a campaign among the farmers. She would rally them against the Squire. Before many days were over, she had visited every farm and cottage, and had pleaded with the inmates thereof. With her accustomed directness, she had gone straight to the heart of the subject. "Those pictures—those beautiful pictures—on the walls of their church—which they had all looked up to so long, that her grandfather had painted for them—the new Squire—that youth, who knew nothing of painting—was going to remove! How could he? He said they were demoralizing!" When

she came to this crisis, a sob would usually interrupt Miss Tebbs' eloquence. Her emotion was catching: her indignant sense of the threatened wrong was infectious. Then the ears of those she was addressing were willing to hear. The frescoes for some forty years had been looked upon with surpassing reverence by the villagers. And the mere appearance of the young lady would have been sufficient to rally the rural population to a man around her, even if she had had a less reasonable motive. She had a charm beyond that of looks. With all her prettiness, she held herself as if she had a spirit of her own. She spoke so bonnily, and looked at one so winsomely, that a man must find it hard to say nay to her, never mind if his reason told him to say it.

Miss Tebbs' crusade was a success.

"You see," she said, addressing a packed audience from a high stool in farmer Smith's kitchen one day, "it is so wrong, so ignorant of him—besides being so heartless. It must be jealousy. He paints himself. It must be the meanest reasons that make him act so. What does he know of Art? If you heard him speak, you could not understand him. It is like being in a bad dream—running after an idea, and never being able to catch it up."

Miss Tebbs was listened to with a running comment of approving exclamations and chuckles from her audience.

"It makes me miserable," she went on, with a dramatic gesture, natural to her when excited, "to think of my grandfather's beautiful pictures being blotted out—blotted out with whitewash—I always say my prayers the better for looking at them."

Here she broke down; her hearers filled up the gap of silence—"So we do, Missey, so we do. The prayers come more easy for those pictures."

"And I always think to myself," said farmer Smith, who, being host, felt he had a right to express an opinion, "when I



looks at the lady crying, and holding her handkerchief so dainty between the tips of her fingers, that's the way the Queen must cry when she is a-grieving. It is a lesson in behaviour to our young folks, that picture."

"When I looks at the baby the blessed angels are carrying," said another, emboldened to address the assembly by the evident approval with which the former speaker's sentiments had been received, "I think of my pretty lad as has gone, and I seems to see the angels carrying him. 'Tis better nor the sermon. 'Tis just like seeing the angels with my eyes, to look at that picture up there."

"I knew, my friends, you liked those pictures," said Miss Tebbs, mopping her eyes with her handkerchief; "but, you see, it is not enough to say so to me, or to each other; you must all, if you can, go to the Squire, and tell him so. When a man wants a thing, the natural course is to ask it from the one who can give it. So, now, you must go to the Squire, and tell him quite plainly that you want him to leave the frescoes as they are."

"So we will, Miss, so we will," said the sound of many voices circling round the room.

"I have written down what I think, perhaps you might say to him," continued Miss Tebbs, in her most winning voice, putting her hand into her pocket and drawing out a roll of paper, which, on being unfolded, showed a MS. bearing the trace of many erasures, and of words emphatically scratched under. "Let me read it to you."—"Sir, we, the undersigned farmers, labourers, and tradespeople of Old Grove, having heard that you contemplate effacing with whitewash the pictures of our church, approach you, earnestly entreating you not to do this." Miss Tebbs' voice had hitherto sounded impressively business-like; now it began to waver. "These picture are very dear to us. We are accustomed to look at them on Sundays. We consider them part of our church property and that of our

children. They were painted by a great artist who lived among us, who loved us, and whom we loved. They are beautiful and we are proud of possessing them. Those who understand painting, and who have seen them, think they are worthy of the place they hold, the best we could give them."

Miss Tebbs interrupted herself and explained to her audience: "A friend of the rector had come last summer; he saw the frescoes, and he said they were very good. He was an elderly man, who had lived in London all his life, therefore he ought to know."

"Sir," the speaker resumed, reading out with the controlled intonation with which she had begun her speech, "we beg you to leave to us pictures that we cherish, promising, if you act kindly to us in this matter, to remain your faithful tenants."

"He cannot resist that," Farmer Smith said, rubbing his hands with entire satisfaction.

"No, no; that he cannot," echoed every voice.

"I have made it short," said Miss Tebbs, looking pleasantly round at her audience; "but, you see, I think it is better to be direct and plain with him."

There was but one dissentient voice to this sentiment. It was that of Jenkins, the village clerk and schoolmaster, who was of opinion that Mary's simple words might be effectively replaced by a more resonant vocabulary.

"Oh, Mr. Jenkins," she replied, with an anxious brow, "if we do not say it quite plainly out, he will not mind us. We must just say we love the frescoes, and that he has no right to touch them—none." Miss Mary's audience emphatically expressed its agreement. "You see," she went on, letting her limpid eyes fall flatteringly on the old clerk, "you must write it out with your finest flourishes. Every flourish will seem to assert we mean what we are saying."

"That I will, Miss," said Jenkins, entirely mollified, and in the tone of one who understood the value of flourishes as a

means of expressing a man's resolution to carry out what he had written.

"And you will sign it, every one of you," continued Miss Mary, taking in her audience with her compelling glance. "Those who cannot write must put a cross, and I shall write their names opposite to it."

A murmur of assent greeted this invitation. About a week after, on the day following the Squire's return, a large deputation wended its way to the Hall. Mr. Freshmead had previously been informed that his tenants were desirous to present an address; and he had fixed noon as the hour he would receive it.

He was in the library when the farmers entered, shuffling their feet. They were headed by their spokesman, Smith, who held in his hand Jenkins' elaborate copy of Miss Mary's speech.

The Squire had forgotten Miss Tebbs. His æsthetic zeal had deepened by his communion, during the past week, with kindred spirits in London and Oxford. He was absorbed in the task of transporting the pictures and some other works of art to Old Grove. He thought this address was likely to be one of congratulation on his advent to the estate; and he meant to reply to it cordially.

The first phrase undeceived him. He made no interruption, however, but listened to the end; his eyes cast down, his right hand thrust within the breast lappets of his coat. When Smith's voice, that had been painstakingly drilled to proper emphasis by Miss Mary, had sunk into silence, Mr. Freshmead raised his head and faced his audience.

"My friends," he said, casting a comprehensive glance round the room, "I will ask you to listen to me, as to one who is really anxious to do you good. I am young, perhaps younger than any here present; but education has given me a certain experience you entirely lack. You must therefore trust me, and endeavour to understand me, when I say that it would be



wrong and foolish of me to let you have what you ignorantly ask for. I hope one day to show you beautiful things ; but before you can see that they are beautiful, I must carefully, as far as lies in my power, take away ugliness from your path. I do not wish to say anything that may seem disrespectful to the memory of one whom you loved ; but these pictures that you ask to keep are almost a profanation in our family church."

The Squire paused. The farmers were silent. They did not understand, but they vaguely felt scolded and treated like children by a man who admitted he was younger than any of them, and who spoke as if he were old enough to be the father of the oldest of them. There were some darkening brows, and under lips thrust out. At last Farmer Smith spoke up—

"As I take it, sir, it is not a matter of what we know and what we doesn't know, but of what we likes and of what belongs to us. Now, sir, speaking for my fellows here, I say we likes these 'ere pictures Mr. Samuel Tebbs painted ; and, beggin' your pardon, sir, we say they're ours, and question any man's rights to take them away."

"Question my right to take them away !" responded the Squire, mildly, lifting his eyebrows. He changed his tone. He fixed his eyes on Farmer Smith. "My good man, if a poison-bush grew in your garden, and I saw you and your family and friends preparing in ignorance to eat its fruit, should I have no right to go and pluck up the plant, root and branch, and fling it out of your reach—should I be violating the rights of property?"

The Squire had spoken loud and curtly. His manner and tones overawed the audience. He profited by the silence, and turning away, he rang the bell.

"My good friends," he said, resuming his courteous tone, "I have ordered luncheon for you in the dining-room. I trust you will enjoy your meal with the relish of appetite."

Opening a side door, the Squire bowed and disappeared.

That evening, as he was out riding, he caught sight of Miss Tebbs. She was walking in the direction of the churchyard, carrying one of the biggest bouquets the Squire had ever seen a lady carry.

He turned his horse away, for he was in no mood to meet her.

ALICE CORKRAN.

*(To be concluded next month.)*

## How I Built the Oratory.

SOME thirty years ago, the site upon which the Oratory Church at South Kensington stands was occupied by Blemmel House, a large boarding-school conducted by Mr. Pollard ; the southern boundary extending across the Cromwell Road to within a few yards of the public-house opposite, the road dividing those properties being known as the Old Brompton Road or Lane. Now, this was supplied at one time with water from its own well, about twelve feet deep, which we discovered on digging the trenches for the foundations of the new building ; but it was perfectly dry, a circumstance accounted for by the sandy, porous soil, and the excavations made for the Underground Railway. I believe that steam-pumps are constantly at work, both night and day, to prevent the railway from becoming an underground canal. Before proceeding with the excavations for the foundations it was thought desirable to make a trial hole to test the soil. Accordingly, a shaft was sunk over thirty feet, and not until we reached that depth did we arrive at the ballast and flints, the material through which we cut being nothing but sand of variously tinted shades, the upper bed, to the depth of about six feet, being freely adulterated with clay. This shaft was left open for some short time to see whether any water would collect in it, but none appeared, and here my first anxiety began.

Was I to carry my footings thirty feet deep, so as to rest on the gravel, or should I risk the sand ? The excavation for the footings was begun, and at the depth of seven feet to eight feet I arrived at a compact clean bed of sand ; and being convinced that I had nothing to fear from running water, I decided to build upon it, and I have had no reason to regret adopting such a course. The concrete in the foundation was of the

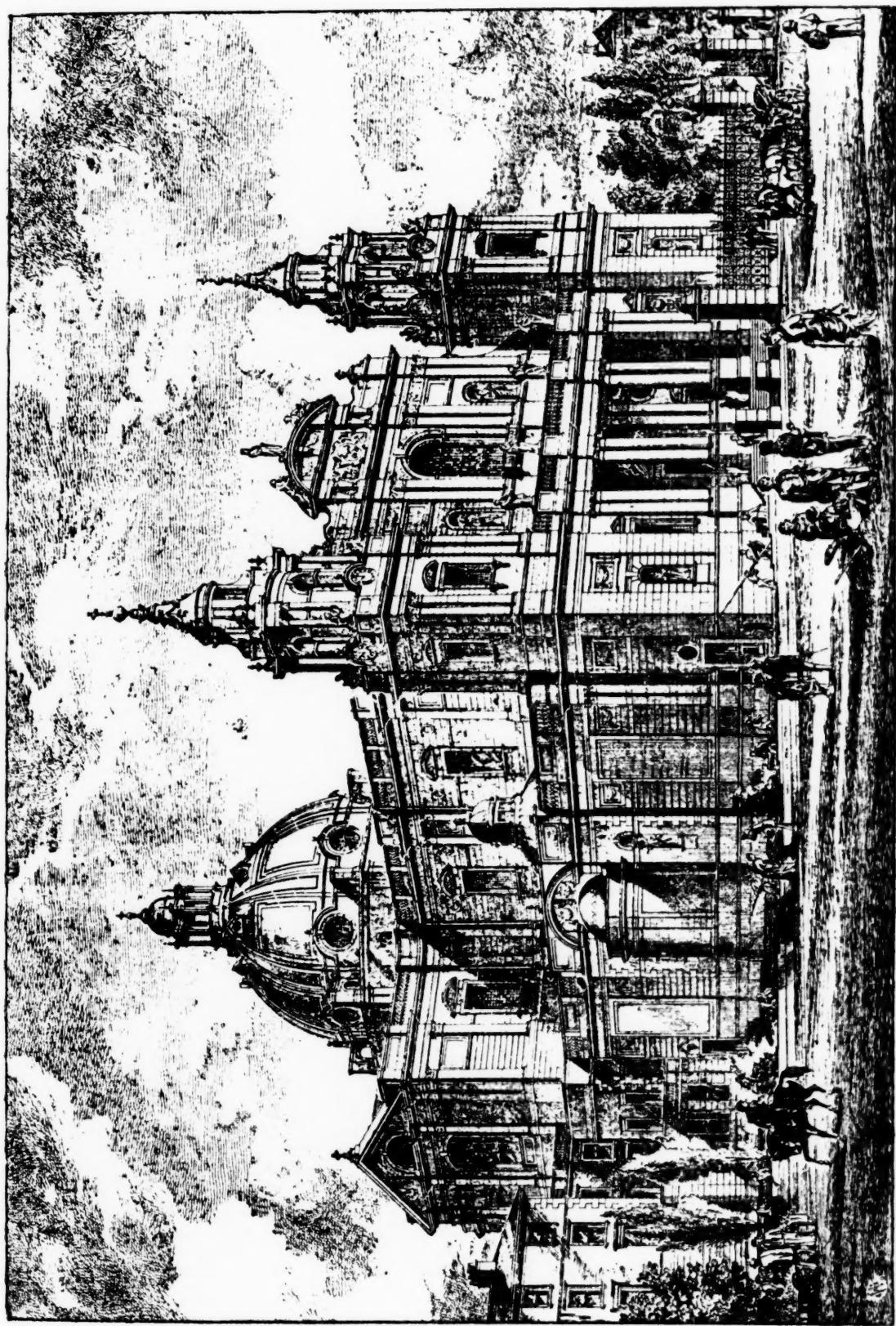


usual kind—gravel, crushed bricks, and lias-lime, about four feet thick—care being taken not to span the voids with the same material, and also to keep as watchful an eye as possible during the mixing of the concrete, to prevent any foreign matter accidentally getting into it. Notwithstanding this precaution, an accident occurred to the concrete, which was nearly five feet thick, a couple of days after it was deposited in the trenches, in the shape of two large fissures, which naturally created some alarm. I immediately guessed the cause, and demanded that this portion should be dug into, and there I discovered what I had anticipated—two pieces of underground lias, about the size of a walnut, which had got mixed up accidentally with the ballast. Everything went on satisfactorily after this until we arrived at the damp course, which eventually gave a great deal of trouble; and my experience is, that the asphalt, of which it was composed, is a most treacherous material, and I shall certainly think twice before indulging in it again as a damp course, especially where heavy walls are to be built on it. Its treachery first showed itself during the summer months, when we witnessed a few successive days of 90° temperature in the shade, and the whole composition became exceedingly soft, and was pressed out on the inside of the building to a considerable extent, and in some cases on the outside, where the putty joint was not strong enough to resist it; while in cases where the pointing was more rigid a greater evil was wrought in consequence of the different nature of the two materials forming the bed. One was compressible, the other incompressible; and the latter, coming on the external face of the ashlar, flushed and skinned nearly every stone below the course all round the building—another item to the bill of extras.

These were some of the sorrows produced by warm weather. Now let us see what annoyance the opposite temperature can inflict. We all remember the memorable winter about four years ago. At that date the brickwork had reached the height

in some places of thirty feet, the dome piers being fourteen feet square, and other walls were three feet six inches and six feet six inches thick. Such bulks of brickwork naturally retained a large amount of moisture, and the damage done to them was considerable, and the expansive force caused by the frost entering into the middle of the walls not only shifted the circular apse, but it carried with it the radiating walls, which I calculated upon as buttresses, the whole of the movement taking place on the damp asphalte course. Seeing this unsatisfactory state of affairs, I had the whole of the radiating walls underpinned, the asphalte cut out and replaced with brick and cement.

The next point to which I desire to call attention is my employment of Plymouth limestone, a material not as much known as I think it deserves to be. This stone exists in inexhaustible quantities in the neighbourhood of Plymouth and Yealmpton—a village seven miles distant from Plymouth. It varies considerably in its tinting, is capable of receiving a very high polish, and for interior purposes is well adapted as a marble, though where it is exposed to the influence of the outer atmosphere it loses its polish within a few days. The material is comparatively cheap, but it is quarried in a most unskilful manner. The primary object of these quarries was simply to procure material for making lime for building and agricultural purposes; and the ornamental and the most beautifully figured samples blown out of the natural bed were considered as almost worthless as a limestone, and consequently were broken up and sold as ballast for departing ships. I have seen hundreds of tons of the most beautiful stones, perfect pictures in themselves, cast aside to fill no higher destiny than that of being stowed away in the hull of some vessel; and samples of these stones—which I fortunately rescued from such a fate—are to be seen in the panels of the pedestals of the Magdalen altar. Again, as to the mode of quarrying, I cer-



THE ORATORY, SOUTH KENSINGTON.



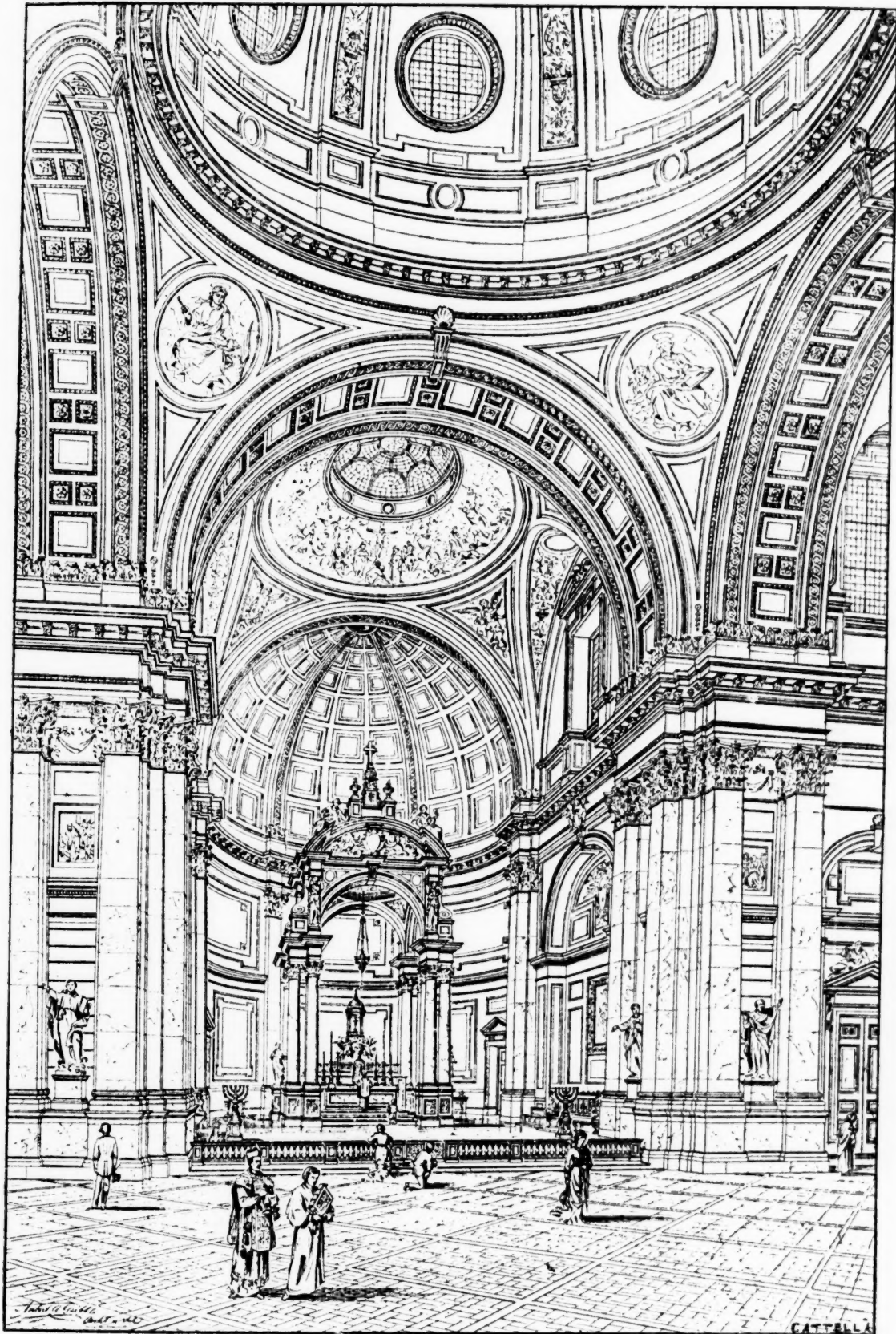
tainly must find the greatest fault with the use of gunpowder for every quality of material. Whether it be for marble columns, limestone walls, or ballast, it is treated alike; the jumper is set to work, a hole is driven and afterwards fired, and out comes the block. If it is ornamental and fit for decorative purposes, it generally fractures into a dozen pieces; if fit only for limestone it remains intact, and has to be fired again after its fall into the base of the quarry. I once arrived at a quarry, and found a stone measuring about ten feet by seven feet, after being burst by gunpowder since its fall; the stone was one of the most beautiful I had ever seen, and just what I wanted; and on asking the reason for such a course of action, the reply I received was that it came from the top of the quarry, and would not be sound enough for building purposes. Now, the fact that such a stone, weighing perhaps twelve tons, and falling from a height of say one hundred feet or more, arrived with all its beauty to the ground without a fracture, was a very fair test of its stability. I mentioned that there are many varieties of tint to be found in this stone—black, black and white, grey, red in small quantities, green of a most interesting character, a pale lilac, a black beautifully marked with pink veins, a grey flashed with red, and finally a yellow with an admixture of black. This latter is very rare, but samples may be seen at the Oratory. There is also another tint, most beautifully marked, procured somewhere in the neighbourhood of Yealmpton. The safe load estimated as the bearing property of this stone is seventy tons per super foot; but judgment must be used in the selection of a sound block before trusting it to such a pressure.

Having said so much on the subject of marble, I go on to allude to the material of which the vaulting and cupola are composed—namely, concrete. Some ten years ago, when I first made an attempt to furnish a design for the Oratory Church, I was an ardent admirer of the ancient temple of



Minerva Medica at Rome, which is circular, or rather pentagonal, on plan, and seventy-five feet in diameter, and surmounted by a concrete cupola, the apex of which is eighty-five feet from the ground. Now, with this example before me, I felt that what was done in the days of the Romans may be accomplished by the people of the nineteenth century, and I suggested the same material for the ceiling of this church, the nave of which is fifty-one feet wide and the cupola fifty-three feet internal diameter. When the time arrived, however, to be particular in giving instructions, I experienced a little anxiety about it; but nevertheless commenced in the case of the vaulting over the nave by filling up the haunch of one angle to a specified height, and then allowing it to rest. The opposite angle was next dealt with, and so on, after the same manner, until the four were filled up. By this time the first one was sufficiently set to allow the commencement of the vaulting proper, which was, I think, fourteen inches thick, and finishing at the apex with a thickness of only seven inches. To assist the workman in properly diminishing the thickness, I had a number of blocks of various heights temporarily tacked on to the centring by way of a gauge, which were easily removed as his work reached them, and his progress in one angle would be about two feet at a time, when he would leave it for the next angle, and so on until the completion of the four. It was then allowed to rest one month, when the centring was removed and transferred to do duty in another bay. My first impression was that the concrete could not be made to retain its shape unless it had some protection on the extrados, but my experience showed otherwise. It is true that the more perpendicular the curve the less should be the height of the rings. For instance, in the case of the dome I first began with a few inches, and gradually thickened it, and after arriving at a certain thickness, of say eighteen inches, I continued it by a six-inch layer in a spiral manner, as one would wind the cord

around a boy's top, and if the concrete is conscientiously made, a night's rest will enable the work done on the previous day to be sufficiently solidified to commence the next course ; and the whole process seemed to be of the most simple description, and was carried out by an ordinary navy. The composition of the concrete was originally specified as composed of six parts—viz., one of cement, two of washed sand, and three of crushed clinkers, engine slag, and burrs ; but I eventually did not adhere to this arrangement, as I abolished the use of the slag and the clinkers totally, fearing that such ingredients would prove detrimental to the surface of the plastering by unsightly stains, and consequently destroy the frescoes or such other decorative treatment as may hereafter be indulged in. I therefore confined myself to the brick burrs, with a slight admixture of crushed stone, a little ballast, and but a comparatively small quantity of sand. My reason for lessening the quantity of the latter was that, the brick burrs and the stone being broken by a steam crusher, a large amount of dust and fine material was produced, which did duty for sand. In fact, the proportion was continually varied according to circumstances. All that was wanted was to secure a well-mixed composition, of the consistency of a puddle, and as free as possible from any adulteration of clayey gravel, and if I recollect rightly, each cubic foot weighed just one hundred and twelve pounds to one hundred and eighteen pounds ; and according to this calculation each bay in the nave averaged from sixty to seventy tons in weight, and the cupola above the arches, including the upright portion of the dado, would reach to at least two thousand tons, of which the marble columns have to take their proportion of the pressure. The time elapsed since this portion of the work was completed is two years, and during that period there has been no indication of weakness, or of its having played its part falsely ; in fact, I look upon it as having done quite the reverse, and it has proved most satisfactory.



INSIDE THE ORATORY.



There always exists one enemy to deal with in adopting a concrete made with Portland cement, and that enemy is its tendency to expand on the point of setting; and although I demanded that all cement should be well air-slaked under my own observation for at least three weeks before using, the cupola did expand, and the result is most vividly seen in the outer octagonal wall of the cupola, which was started at the angles by the pressure conveyed to the eight buttresses. Notwithstanding the annoyance thus caused by this unfortunate propensity, this concrete has many good qualities, such as its great strength and facility for setting rapidly. For instance, if we inquire into the time occupied in forming the vaulting, and compare it with that which would be absorbed by a bricklayer, we should see, firstly, there were, I think, six men engaged in mixing the concrete, one assisting at the steam hoist, one with a barrow from the lift to the vault, and one navvy whom I shall call the distributor—nine men in all; and each bay with an arc of say seventy feet, and thirty feet wide, containing about seventy tons of material, was finished within a week. That is to say, we began on Monday morning and finished on the following Saturday evening; and I feel that if the same were executed in brickwork it would have occupied at least four times the period, and a proportionate increase of expense. The cupola, to the best of my recollection, was completed within three weeks of its commencement; but it is not wholly of concrete, as the upper portion is built of brickwork in cement, and the ring upon which the stone lantern will ultimately rest is of Portland stone.

It is needless for me to say that the present unsightly exterior of the cupola is only temporary, the design for the permanent structure being at least eleven feet more in diameter and fourteen feet higher to the base of the lantern, which latter will add another additional twenty-two feet or thereabouts. Nothing has been definitely settled about the

material with which it is to be covered, but when this portion of the work is undertaken I shall recommend its being covered, if funds permit, with copper, on account of its lightness ; but I would not hesitate to-morrow to use five-pound lead. I certainly look upon the circumstance of our not completing this part of the structure (whilst all the plant and machinery were at hand) as a great calamity ; for to do so at a future date will probably increase its cost by about 70 per cent. The form I have given to this section of the dome, which is considerably tilted, will be seen, and at the point of rupture I have placed wrought-iron bands ; not that I think they will contribute much to the stability of the structure after the concrete has set, but I thought they would assist in preventing a flaw while it was green. There can exist not the slightest doubt but that the cupola is one of the strongest of constructional forms, for—although its section is that of an arch—being circular on plan, it is really composed of an innumerable number of rings having a lateral bond, which must be torn asunder before any fracture can take place. I may also mention that it was my original intention to embed in the middle of the concrete vaulting hoop-iron bonds interlacing each other, for the purpose of securing a toughness to the material ; but subsequently I felt that the presence of iron in such a substance would eventually do more harm than good by its oxidation, and that, on the other hand, if the concrete was unable to support it, no amount of hoop-iron bond would ensure its stability ; so I abandoned it altogether. I have a drawing giving a bird's-eye view of the drum of the cupola, showing the general features of its construction, and also another giving a vertical section through the pendentives. In the first may be observed the method I adopted in lightening the weight of the drum by recesses and cavities, and also the expedient adopted to resist the lateral pressure of the ring on the four arches caused by the inward tendency of the four pendentives,

which are so arranged that the force is resisted by the vaulting of the nave and transepts. A rough estimate of the weight coming on the four internal arches amounts to about two thousand tons, less the reduction for the recesses, &c.; or nearly five hundred tons on each arch, which is composed of ten four and a half inch brick rings in Portland cement, bonded into each other and springing from skewbacks, which I carried up in horizontal courses to at least one-third the height of the arch. This arrangement enabled me to get on to the top of the skewback the maximum of perpendicular weight, instead of throwing it on the extrados of the arch. In the case of the construction of the roof the plan I adopted was as follows—to have all portions of the truss which are in tension in wrought iron, the remainder being in wood; and the purlins, where I could not conveniently get two intermediate trusses in the centre of the bay, I made of wrought iron, and trussed so as to span a distance of over thirty feet, bringing such weight as they had to support on the piers from which the vaulting springs, the very place where any contribution of that nature was acceptable, as the clerestory buttresses were not at all too large for the duty entrusted to them. But in the case of the sanctuary, or rather chancel, I was even worse off, as I had no opportunity of getting a buttress at all worthy of the name, and so I ventured on another device, and again brought wrought iron to my assistance, and constructed a truss with tie-beam, struts, king-post, and principal backs of joists of H section, and secured to the foot of the king-post, where were two wrought-iron bars of four-inch sectional area running in an oblique direction, so as to reach as near as possible the springing of the sanctuary-arch, where it was firmly fastened to a bolt thirty feet in length, embedded in the heart of the masonry; the upper portion of the bolt was carried through the flanges of the tie-beam above, and there screwed down as tightly as possible. This arrangement, if there was any outward thrust caused by the groining, must pull down the king-



post, and to do that it must either buckle the principal backs or start the rivets at the foot of such principals, which are sixteen in number and three-quarter inch in diameter. Whether this scheme will turn out satisfactory or not, time will show, and when the present temporary tie-rods are removed the test will then begin. This arrangement has another advantage, as it enabled me to concentrate the weight of the roof on to the templates of the tie-beam, which contributes in resisting the thrust, similar to that over the nave.

The system adopted for heating the church is that of hot water on the slow circulation principle, each coil being supplied by fresh air from external apertures so as to avoid as far as practicable the circulation of that which is vitiated. The system appears to answer very successfully as long as means are provided at a higher level, especially in the ceiling, for the escape of the foul atmosphere. I must also point out that the coil chambers are covered, partly with gratings and partly with stone slabs, after the following manner:—I placed the coil in the centre of the chamber with sufficient room to walk around it, and directly over this coil I placed the York stone slabs and over the passage-way the gratings. My object in doing this was to prevent as much as possible the accumulation of dust and such organic matter as may be conveyed into the church from settling on the pipes, which would not only be unpleasant but would absorb a large proportion of the heat.

We now arrive at the acoustal question, which was for a long time a subject of speculation, in consequence of the concrete vaulting ; and when the floor was completed and the doors fixed in the openings an opportunity was afforded for testing its qualities, and we found but little echo except in one place—that is, directly under the centre of the cupola ; but the rest of the building is exceeding resonant—is in fact similar to a large bell. This circumstance I attribute to the excellent manner in which the contractor did his work, and to the homogeneous nature of the concrete, which conveys the reverberation from

one side of the building to the other. Now this property has its advantages and disadvantages. As far as vocal and instrumental music is concerned it is quite a success, and has given every satisfaction to those who are interested in such matters, but for oratorical purposes it is not quite so happy, as the lengthened note which is admired so in the singing becomes somewhat tantalizing when spoken. However, it is almost impossible to construct a building of such an area where every person can hear distinctly. Sir Christopher Wren was always considered very successful in his churches as far as the acoustic properties were concerned; but let us consider the reason of this and ascertain the dimensions laid down by him as a proportion for a church where all the audience should distinctly hear. He gives the following instructions:—"The pulpit should be placed in such a position as to give fifty feet in front of preachers, thirty feet on each side, and twenty feet behind, and not this unless the pronunciation be distinct and equal, without dropping the voice at the last member of the sentence." A church of these dimensions, allowing ten feet more for a chancel, gives a superficial area of four thousand eight hundred feet, whereas the area of the Oratory amounts to twenty-three thousand feet. I think therefore there is little cause to complain; and, by trying a few experiments with sounding-boards, no doubt we shall be able to overcome the present trivial annoyance experienced by the preacher.

In concluding, I wish to call attention to the cost of the building, which up to the present amounts to £80,000, including £9,100 for marble. I have carefully gone into the cubical contents of the structure, and find it works out to about  $6\frac{7}{8}d.$  per cubic foot. Now, if the reader considers the quantity of marble within and the Portland stone without, I feel confident that he will arrive at this conclusion, that I have done my very best with the funds placed at my disposal.

HERBERT A. K. GRIBBLE.

## The Modern Poet.

I COME from nothing ; but from where  
Come the undying thoughts I bear ?  
Down through long links of death and birth,  
From the past poets of the earth—  
My immortality is there.

I am like the blossom of an hour ;  
But long, long vanished sun and shower  
Awoke my breath i' the young world's air.  
I track the past back everywhere—  
Through seed and flower, and seed and flower.

Or I am like a stream that flows  
Full of the cold springs that arose  
In morning lands, in distant hills ;  
And down the plain my channel fills  
With melting of forgotten snows.

Voices I have not heard possessed  
My own fresh songs ; my thoughts are blessed  
With relics of the far unknown.  
And mixed with memories not my own  
The sweet streams throng into my breast.

Before this life began to be,  
The happy songs that wake in me  
Woke long ago and far apart.  
Heavily on this little heart  
Presses this immortality.

ALICE MEYNELL.



## Some Bric-à-Brac of French Literature.

ONE of the epitaphs (things composed to lie on a tombstone) written on Bouhours runs thus :—

Ci-gît un bel esprit qui n'eut rien de terrestre ;  
Il donnait un tour fin à ce qu'il écrivait ;  
La médisance ajoute qu'il servait  
Le monde et le ciel par semestre.

And when he published his "*Pensées Ingénieuses*" the wits labelled it thus :—

Dans ce beau recueil des *Pensées*  
Que votre main a ramassées  
Vous en usez modestement ;  
Vous citez les livres des autres,  
Sans avoir rien tiré des vôtres ;  
Que vous avez de jugement !

Which *se non vero* of the polished Jesuit is *ben trovato* of this paper. Not that we incline to the ill-fitting humility of Chamfort, whose "*l'homme est un sot animal—si j'en juge par moi*" hath too uncomfortable a ring in it ; and the originality, by the way, is rather in application than idea. Regnier, who knew men—and women too—passing well, wrote, centuries before, "*Je diray librement pour finir en deux mots ; que la plus part des gens sont habillez en sots.*" So that Carlyle's discovery was no discovery at all. "*Il n'y a de nouveau que ce qui est oublié,*" as Bertin has it.

We ourselves had something of the hesitancy of Bunyan :

Some said, "Print it, John ;" others said, "Not so."  
Some said, "It might do good ;" others said, "No."

Which is Marot over again : "*L'ung dict, 'Escry.' L'autre dict, 'N'escry point'*" (as lucid a direction as the advice given by Francis I.'s poet historiographer, Cretin, to Refuge, when consulted by him about marriage : "*Oh, marry—Eh ? Do not*

marry"—which Pantagruel remembered when Panurge consulted *him*). We have succumbed, however, to that itch for publishing which led the Abbé Marolles into actually printing the names and addresses of his friends. This, too, at his own expense—as, indeed, he did most of his books. So that was not true which he told Liniere—"My verses cost me next to nothing." "As much as they are worth, however," said the candid friend. On a fly-leaf of his translation of Martial's Epigrams Ménage wrote "Epigrams *against* Martial." This of Marolles, a translator *par abondance*: sixty to seventy volumes deep! "Though art is long, life is short" (a Hebrew proverb before it became a Latin one), so *he* could not advertise his works twenty years before appearance as Chapelain did his "Pucelle," which, being born, was baptised in lines which may be translated:—

The long-expected maid is here, in verse;  
But look at her years. Egad! it's Chapelain's nurse!

But it paid. Courbé gave him 2,000 livres for the first edition (folio) and 1,000 for a 12mo. edition, which, with four others, ran out in eighteen months. (Boileau sold "Lutrin" for 600, and Racine "Andromaque" for 200 livres!) Like Desportes, *he* made poetry pay. Still, this unlucky "Pucelle" was as great a thorn in Chapelain's side as Voltaire's in his, though for different reasons. The Syren ruined a poetic fame once sufficiently fair for Richelieu to borrow it upon the terms: "Lend me your name, Chapelain, this time; I'll lend you my purse any other;" the distinguished critic drawing more profit than the distinguished Cardinal.\* Chapelain kept the loan

\* The occasion was the production (April 16, 1635) of "Les Tuileries," a comedy commissioned by Richelieu upon a plot of his own, from his *cinq auteurs*—Boisrobert Colletet, L'Etoile (fils), Corneille and Rotrou. Each wrote an act—Corneille's was the third—and the Cardinal the prologue. But at the last moment, doubting his own deftness, he "bought" Chapelain's name as mentioned. Before they brought out their second piece, "L'Aveugle de Smyrne," which went to the limbo of the first, Corneille had resigned. After this production the association fell to pieces.

industriously open (the French have a proverb, "On coupe large courroye de cuir d'autrui,") and doubtless echoed Benserade's epitaph—

Cy-gist, oui, gist, par la mort-b!eu !  
Le Cardinal de Richelieu.  
Et, ce qui cause mon ennui,  
Ma pension avecque lui !

Ah, Chapelain ! *that* was gone, indeed, like the gift of your favourite Menusier, of whom you remarked, it being said "none could imitate him," the fellow "mounted Parnassus by a ladder, and drew it up after him." It was a case of "Vous chantiez ! Eh bien ! dansez maintenant !"

Poor witty Benserade ! Death robbed him of more than one pension, as was to be expected of one who lived—upon others—four-score years and one, till, like the old man in Chevreau, he begged, "Pray remember the poor old man who has lived longer than he expected." Like Regnier, he had thought so seldom of death he fancied death must have forgotten him. But Scarron, if not death, kept his eye on him. This unlucky "Raccourci des misères humaines" (who having dedicated a book "à Guillemette, chienne de ma sœur," and quarrelling with his sister, put an erratum "Lisez—ma chienne de sœur") had the habit, says Segrais, of "trying on" what he might be writing with his first caller, inquiring "does it fit?" An admirable way of advertising an epigram. Benserade, a born place-hunter, got the embassy to Stockholm, but lost it ere he took possession. The pitiless Scarron dated that year as the one in which

Le sieur Benserade,  
N'alla point en son ambassade.

Next year the unlucky Isaac wrote an epigram for a friend of Madame de Châtillon upon—and, it being a female friend, of course against—that lady. Madame laughed, but Monsieur threatened to break all the bones in his body should the



poet repeat the jest. Scarron then scarified his friend in the *Calendar* thus:—

L'an que le sieur de Benserade  
Fut menacé de bastonnade.

A nip fit for a sensitive pet of the blue-room of the Marquise de Rambouillet. Few read the great master of burlesque now—the Queen's poor invalid—a Z in human flesh—of whom Boisrobert wrote—

On ne peut, te voyant, s'empêcher de pleurer,  
Te lisant sans te voir, on étouffe de rire ;

in whom Molière generously saw greater gifts for theatrical effect than he himself had. Yet his travesty of the "Æneid" took Paris by storm, and stamped burlesque once for all with a value by which it should be known. You remember the English epitaph \* :—

Here lies the body of Alice Wooden,  
Longer she wished to live, but—cooden.

Here is something like it in Scarron. Æneas has just lost his father :—

Il mourut, le pauvre vieillard.  
S'il eût voulu mourir plus tard,  
Il auroit vécu davantage.

Scarron had created a vogue ; and following it up with his "Roman Comique," won fame and fortune, knowing the value of the Latin proverb in Seneca's "Apocoloquintus:" "Oportet ferrum tundere, dum rubet," which, as "il faut battre le fer tandis qu'il est au feu," he put into the mouth of Beatris: a line Farquhar has in "The Beaux' Stratagem," and Webster in "Westward Hoe."

\* The English conundrum, "What the more you cut it the longer grows? A ditch," is as little original. Pontanus, reading one of his poems, referred to a hole, "Dic mihi quid majus fuit quo plura demas." A rival wit, Scriverius, murmured, "Pontano demas carmina, major erit."

Readers of Mr. Gosse's essay on Webster will perhaps remember its beautiful close :—

“In the high garden of the gods of song, where the muses walk among the statues of the dead poets they have loved, there is one delicious terrace that looks over the western sea. Here, when the grass is still dewy and the shadow of the eastern mountains still upon the garden, Melpomene comes daily to lay a fresh garland of narcissus on the bland brows of Shakespeare. All the unfamiliar faces of the Elizabethans gaze out of the shade of laurels, reposing in marble after their stormy life on earth. But before she reaches the great master, the muse steps aside to lay vervain on a head whose outlines, in the extreme shadow, are quite invisible to us ; it is to the author of “The Duchess of Malfi” that she pays this gracious homage, and we long to stand where she does, and see what face and form, what lips and hair and eyes clothed the godhead of this poet of poets. This we shall never see ; the laurel will for ever hide this singer's throat and forehead.”

There is here a murmured echo of Lefranc de Pompignan's ode on the death of J. B. Rousseau. Having long waged a sort of literary guerilla upon the Encyclopédistes, Pompignan firmly attacked them in a public discourse on his reception into the French Academy. The bitter hatred of Voltaire\* fastened upon him ; of his “*Poésies Sacrées*” Voltaire says, “*Sacrées elles sont, car personne n'y touche.*” But all the venom of that brilliant serpent could not wither even the delicate flower of Lefranc's fame ; nay, he himself admitted the beauty of the lines, part of which we quote :—

Favoris, élèves dociles  
De ce ministre d'Apollon,  
Vous à qui ses conseils utiles  
Ont ouvert le sacré vallon ;

---

\* Swift's couplet added to a certain inscription on the gates of Hell are well known. Mr. Marion Crawford recently reminded us of the new inscription thereon, after Voltaire's death : “*Ici on parle Français.*”

Accourez, troupe désolée,  
Déposez sur son mausolée  
Votre lyre qu'il inspirait.

\* \* \* \*

Dans la nuit du séjour funèbre  
Consolez son ombre célèbre,  
Et couronnez votre rival.

J. B. Rousseau's poetry was an odd mixture of sin and sanctity; his comedy, "*Le Flatteur*," an exact portrait of himself. A propos of it Gaçon wrote:

Cher Rousseau, ta perte est certaine,  
Tes pièces désormais vont toutes échouer;  
En jouant le Flatteur tu t'attires la haine  
Du seul qui te pouvait louer.

Piron wrote of him that his life "*fut trop longue de moitié*:"

Il fut trente ans digne d'envie,  
Et trente ans digne de pitié.

In the many mixtures of sin and sanctity that distinguish French literature, sin often appears conquered on the deathbed. So it was in the cases of Rutebeuf and Viaud, Boisrobert and La Fontaine, Mürger and Littré. Too often a want of power to sin again seems the incentive to the change of will, carrying with it the lament which is the saddest note in French poetry. There is the old woman's regret in Meung's part of the *Romaunt de la Rose*. She forgot her contrition and learned bitterness in the ever-repenting Villon's "*Belle Heaulmière*," but renewed her better temper and gentler wit in the "*Grand-mère*" of Béranger. How delightfully coquettish she has been at fifteen see in Deschamp's charming "*Suis-je, suis-je, suis-je belle?*" As Ali said, "The recollection of youth is a sigh." But with Béranger, as with Scarron, the tradition failed: thinking little of religion in life, he thought as little of it in death. To Villemain, Cousin, and Thiers, standing near,



when dying he whispered : " Adieu ! Live on, you will have even here the better world ; "—curiously like the painter's reply when his masterpiece of decoration, the Apotheosis of Adam, for Lesueur's opera "*La Mort d'Adam*," was praised : " Yes, the finest Paradise you have ever seen, my friend—or ever will."

Speaking of Deschamps, in some sense the Béranger of the fourteenth century, one thinks, too, of his life-long friend, Machault, and of a pretty scene often forgotten. Queen Margaret's rather easily won kiss to "*le bien disant en rythme et prose, Alain*," is hackneyed history ; not so a kiss of Agnes of Navarre. The fair princess, conceiving a passion for the gouty fifty-year-old poet-musician, would receive him—accompanied by his secretary—in her garden. They once sitting together, the princess fell (it semed) asleep. The young wag of a secretary, placing a leaf upon Agnes's cheek, hinted Machault to kiss the leaf. Not without difficulty the fat Adonis of fifty stooped to conquer, when, even as he touched it, the leaf slipped—was blown?—away, leaving the kiss only. No wonder he sang so exquisitely Love's victory in a dainty *Chanson Balladée*.

Talking of kissing reminds one naturally of Byron, and of his gallant wish that fair women had but one mouth that he might kiss them all "from North to South." The idea was not Byron's. Cyrano de Bergerac becoming so enamoured of duelling—an art he brought to perfection in defending the honour of his enormous nose—he wrote—scarcely in cold blood, he was never in that—"Quand tout le genre humain serait érigé en une tête, quand de tous les vivans il n'en resterait qu'un, ce serait encore un duel qui me resterait à faire." Pillaged by Molière, robbed by Voltaire, copied by Fontenelle, and imitated by Swift, Bergerac has been much the cause of wit in other men. Molière defended his own appropriations, by saying that when school-boys together they exchanged humour, and Cyrano, remembering good things

Molière had told him, printed them in after-life as his own, and he (Molière) only took them back again. So admirable a duellist as Bergerac was much sought as a second. A friend praising him as one of the first men of the day, "Scarcely," he replied, "je suis le second de tout le monde."

We should doubt if Bergerac's nose out-rivalled that of the merry miller of the Val de Vire, which has had a long literary life. Four or five hundred years ago the dusty-mouthed Basselin himself sang of it thus :

Beau nez ! dont les rubis ont cousté mainte pipe  
Du vin blanc et claret :  
Et duquel la couleur richement participe  
Du rouge et violet.  
Gros nez ! qui te regarde à travers un grand verre  
Te juge encor plus beau :  
Tu ne ressembles point au nez de quelque hère  
Qui ne boit que de l'eau. &c. &c.

Something very like this is in Ravenscroft's "Deuteromela," and Merry Thought has it on his lips in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle." But Harrison Ainsworth, in "Jack Sheppard," seems to have had the best of memories. Here is Smith's song, when Kneebone and the Widow are not, perhaps, paying much attention :

Jolly Nose ! the bright rubies that garnish thy tip  
Are dug from the mines of canary,  
And to keep up their lustre I moisten my lip  
With hogsheads of claret and sherry.  
Jolly Nose ! he who sees thee across a broad glass  
Beholds thee in all thy perfection,  
And to the pale snout of a temperate ass  
Entertains the profoundest objection. &c. &c.

It is a little singular that wine-growing France, who had sung with Le Houx,

Adam—c'est chose très notoire—  
Ne vous eust mis en tel danger,  
Si au lieu du fatal manger  
Il se fust plus tost pris à boire ;

and discovered with Beaumarchais, "boire sans soif . . . . il n'y a que ça qui nous distingue des autres bêtes" (which is Byron's "Man being reasonable *must* get drunk")—that France should yet have produced few purely drinking songs—songs of wine alone. This is even true of Béranger, and Boileau wrote a larger proportion of purely drinking songs than did he. Yes! The terribly cold and correct Boileau (who single-handed raised French poetry from the dunghill whereon she sat with less virtue than Job) perpetrated Bacchanalian songs—two, one of which is purely a drinking song. Wordsworth—we have it on his own authority—got drunk once, pouring out libations to the shade of Milton. But Boileau twice! once while lecturing Chapelle—surely a forlorn hope—on the enormity of the vice, during which his hearer, bent on having all the *veritas in vino*, so plied his lecturer, that ere he could finish, the Law Giver of Parnassus was the more drunk of the two. On the other occasion a senseless farce might have become an awful tragedy but for the ready wit of Molière. But we have no space for the incident.

We have called Boileau terribly cold and correct. Correct, not because of the mathematical balance of his verse, but because almost all his literary judgments have been emphasized by posterity. Terribly cold, because, having once—and only once—fallen in love, he saved every penny he could, sold every marketable effect he had, to secure his lady a *dot* to—enter a convent! Perhaps he knew the Arabic proverb Quitard renders, "Le mariage est comme une forteresse assiégée; ceux qui sont dehors veulent y entrer, et ceux qui sont dedans veulent en sortir," or Montaigne's rather softer version, which Webster has in his "White Devil;" or had he seen the Seven Sacraments of Nicholas Poussin? the feebleness of one of which gave rise to the comment, "Un bon mariage est difficile à faire même en peinture." But softly; Voltaire warns us: "Speak no harm of Boileau, ça porte malheur."

Weddings and wine recall Crashaw's\* translation of the conceit in the "Epigramma Sacra" on the Marriage Feast of Cana: "The conscious water saw its God and blushed." Certes, Théophile Viaud knew little of sacred epigrams when reading up Gongora; but this blush has produced, perhaps, the most ludicrous couplet in French tragedy—which is saying much. In his "Pyrame et Thisbé," which startled Paris in 1617, Thisbé, seeing the dagger with which her lover had stabbed himself, exclaims:

Le voilà, ce poignard qui du sang de son maître  
S'est souillé lâchement; il en rougit, le traître!

Even Thomson's (first edition) "O, Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!" falls short of this.

Pope had almost as good a memory as Molière. His fine scorn of the inconsistencies of man is a reproduction of a noble outburst of Pascal. "La vraie science et la vraie étude de l'homme c'est l'homme," is Charron's, not Pope's; and as Pope and Dryden remembered their Boileau, so he and Goldsmith forgot not their De Caux. In the pathetic opening of the third Canto of "Don Juan," Byron, whose poetry is full of memories, has the 497th maxime of La Rochefoucauld, and Shelley, in the second act of "Prometheus," his 78th. Scott remembered from Mérope what Voltaire (and Prudhom) stole from de Meung; and Moore remembered his Molière word for word in writing the two last lines of "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," and his André Chenier (eighth Elégie) almost word

\* Of whom Cowley wrote with some toleration for his religion and much tenderness for the man:

His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenet might  
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right;

imitated by Pope:

For modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight;  
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.



for word in the close of the first verse of "Farewell, but whenever." \* Assuredly, as Dumas said, "Il y a des pensées qui viennent de la tête, et d'autres qui viennent du cœur" (which is possibly Pascal's "Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît pas").

After all, judging others by himself, Dumas—the Dumas, of course—has written, "Les gens qui ont bonne mémoire ont bon cœur."

D. MONCRIEFF O'CONNOR.

\* Had Prout remembered these, they might have given his Rogueries of Tom Moore a true semblance that would have made them an interesting literary puzzle. By-the-by, Prout's idea was not original. Roze, Louis XIV's secretary, played a similar joke on Molière, à propos of Sganarelle's song, "Qu'ils sont doux," in "Le médecin malgré lui."

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